



JOHN WILKES ESQ.^R

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By JOHN WILKES, Esq. C. CHURCHILL,
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W I T H A L L T H E
T R A C T S A N D P A P E R S

Relating to the

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V O L U M E I.

L O N D O N:
PRINTED IN THE YEAR M.DCC.LXXII.



D E D I C A T I O N
Happinefs to the most Excellent Council of
the Privy, and the Honourable House of
Commons.
M. 1704.

T O
THE PEOPLE
O F
E N G L A N D.

THE following Papers were written at a Period, when some of the most arbitrary Proceedings against the Liberties of this Country, were adopted, and for some time supported, by the venal Tools of Administration. The Authors of the North Briton, however, unawed by the Frowns of Power, and actuated by the noble Principles of universal Benevolence, made the Interests of their Country, their only Care; and sacrificed their own particular Ease and Happiness

Happinefs to the more general Concerns of the Public, and the Peace and Prosperity of Mankind.

Their Intent was to give a true Idea of our valuable Constitution ; to revive in the Minds of the People its genuine Spirit ; to shew the fatal effects of *Favouritism* ; to guard against the enormous Power of the *Crown*, and to expose the wicked Transactions of its *corrupt Ministers*.

At a Time, when not only from the *Degeneracy* of *Parliaments* ; but from the monstrous Increase of the *Prerogative*, the Freedom of the Inhabitants of these Kingdoms is brought almost to the Brink of Destruction ; it is apprehended, the Republication of these spirited Papers, as a kind of **WARNING VOICE** to the People, will appear with peculiar Propriety ; especially, as this Collection is much more Complete than any ever before printed, and contains many valuable Original Pieces that would have been for ever lost to the World by their first Mode of Publication. Indeed, it gives us no little Concern to observe,
that

D E D I C A T I O N .

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that we have too much Occasion to use every Effort to awaken our lukewarm Fellow-Citizens, out of the political Lethargy, in which they are now involved from the Spirit of Luxury and Profusion, which prevails over most Ranks of People: For when once the major Part of the Individuals is vitiated, there is no Mischief, however remote it may seem to lie from us, that is not actually at the Door; and the Change from Liberty to Slavery, from Plenty, to general Distress, is often so precipitate in Countries thus corrupted, that the same Men, who have enjoyed the Benefits of the purest Constitution at the Commencement of their Existence, have lived, not only to see the Introduction, but to groan under the Burden of the most severe Tyranny.

Alarmed at the fatal Concurrence of the above Circumstances, the Editors, address these Volumes to the Consideration of their Countrymen; entreating them to remember, that as they have had the happiness of living under, (what was once said to be) the best Constitution in the World, they should resolve to preserve it untainted and
inviolable.

inviolate. And as it has been delivered down to them at the Expence of infinite Toil, Danger, and Bloodshed, by the Vigilance, Courage, and uncorrupt Integrity of their Forefathers for many Ages; they certainly ought to use their utmost Endeavours to transmit it in the same Manner to their Posterity.

June 1, 1772.

T H E
N O R T H B R I T O N .

Numb. I. Saturday, June 5, 1762.

SEJANUS, WOLSEY, hurt not honest FLEURY,
But well may put some STATESMEN in a fury. POPE.

TH E *liberty of the press* is the birth-right of a BRITON, and is justly esteemed the firmest bulwark of the liberties of this country. It has been the terror of all bad ministers; for their dark and dangerous designs, or their weakness, inability, and duplicity, have thus been detected and shewn to the public, generally in too strong and just colours for them long to bear up against the odium of mankind. Can we then be surprized that so various and infinite arts have been employed, at one time entirely to set aside, at another to take off the force, and blunt the edge, of this most sacred weapon, given for the defence of truth and liberty? A wicked and corrupt administration must naturally

VOL. I. A rally

rally dread this appeal to the world ; and will be for keeping all the means of information equally from the prince, parliament, and people. Every method will then be tried, and all arts put in practice, to check the spirit of knowledge and enquiry. Even the courts of justice have in the most dangerous way, because under the sanction of law, been drawn in to second the dark views of an arbitrary ministry, and to stifle in the birth all infant virtue. From this motive, *in former times*, the King's-bench has inflicted the most grievous punishments of fine, pillory, or imprisonment, *or perhaps all three*, on some who have stood forth the champions of their country, and whose writings have been the honour of their age and nation.

Under the government of a STUART, which has been so fatal to ENGLAND, the most daring encroachments have been made on the favourite liberties of the people, and the freedom of the press has been openly violated. Even a *Licensor* of the press has been appointed. Nothing but the vilest ministerial trash, and falsehoods fabricated by a wicked party, had then the sanction of this tool of power ; nor of consequence could any production, breathing the spirit of liberty, have a chance of being ushered to light. The *imprimatur* of the minister was scarcely ever given, but to compositions equally disgraceful to
letters

letters and humanity. I do not however recollect that any of these hirelings have ventured, as the BRITON of last Saturday has done, magnificently to display the *royal arms* at the head of their papers. Does this author mean to *intimidate*? Or is it to insinuate that this new paper comes forth, like the GAZETTE, *by authority*, and that he is fighting under the ministerial banner? All opposition therefore to him, according to this idea, is to be considered as an indignity offered to the administration, and an affront to the higher powers, who may be supposed to protect, perhaps to pay him. This is surely too stale a trick now to pass. I rather think the *royal arms* are prostituted by a mercenary scribbler, as much as the *royal name* was in a certain great assembly, when *minute guns* were fired over the late minister *.

This BRITON steps forth, like the other court champion DYMCKE, to a dreadful fight without an adversary; to receive, like him, I suppose, the reward of a well-fought day. Safe, and of consequence bold, as DYMCKE, he has no enemy but himself to combat. No attack has been made on the crown; none but himself

A 2

has

* This alludes to the *rapid* eloquence of the *Scottish* minister, who, as *Donne* says, *Between each word he gives, gives a full minute*, and by attention to words, endeavours to make amends for want of sense.

has dared to aim any fire-arrows at the bosom of a sovereign that never knew disgrace. He, and only He, has mentioned a resemblance between the reigning prince and *Tiberius*, which I believe has never occurred to any one else. To him belongs the ignominy of having *broached this calumny with his hand, to which his heart must have given the lie*. The MONITOR has indeed charged the cannon, but the BRITON has pointed it against his sovereign. He pretends to have discovered the source of his calumny in the MONITOR of Saturday May the 22d. I have read that MONITOR very carefully, and I affirm that there is no mention of *TIBERIUS* through the whole of that paper, excepting in the motto from *TACITUS*, nor is any such character drawn. Count *BRUHL*'s indeed is, and by the hand of a master. He is compared, but by the motto only, to *SEJANUS*. The comparison need not extend farther. A minister may in all points resemble *SEJANUS*, or Count *BRUHL*, and yet his royal master need not be a *TIBERIUS*, or *AUGUSTUS III.* The sovereign may be a *TRAJAN*, or a *TITUS*, the delight of mankind; and his only fault, in his people's eyes, may be an unbounded confidence in an insolent, weak, and treacherous minister.

This

This foolish BRITON *proceeds to produce himself amidst the parade of pompous professions, and vile alliterations.* He calls upon the MONITOR to produce one instance of insolence, cruelty, profligacy, or oppression, chargeable on the King of Great Britain; or to exhibit one specimen of his weakness and tyranny. These are things which never occurred to any man's mind, because they never existed. Something like this has happened under every King since the conquest, to every profligate minister who wants to involve his master with him. The valiant DYMOCKE, like this writer, has in all ages founded forth,

*If any person, of what degree soever,
high or low, shall deny or gainsay, &c.*

and then the champion throws down his gauntlet, which I never heard of any person's being fool-hardy enough to take up. But is not this a clever plot to hang the poor MONITOR, or at least to get him into the cruel hands of a revengeful and unforgiving crew? Let me beg of you, Mr. MONITOR, do, commit treason: pray be taken up by CARRINGTON, and tried by MANSFIELD: his regard to the liberty of the subject is known, and his tender mercies will not be cruelty. I trust the MONITOR has more wit, and that he has not *lost sight of all regard to his own safety*; but will proceed in the way he has hitherto walked, and continue

to administer wholesome satire wherever it is merited, instead of that nauseous and fulsome panegyric, with which the BRITON makes us sick.. The BRITON next calls upon him to discover *one circumstance even*; then insults him with *he cannot, he DARE NOT, descend to particulars, which would answer his purpose, but restrains himself to a general charge.* Now I will maintain that no charge at all has been brought by the MONITOR against his sovereign; and that the most gross satire has come from the venal pen of this wretched BRITON, who throughout his paper has himself *first* insinuated the vilest falsehood, *a similitude between the characters of TIBERIUS and his own sovereign.*

The BRITON says, that “in any court of
 “judicature a general charge, unsupported by
 “evidence, is answered and refuted by a ge-
 “neral negation.” *His assertions are every*
where much more general than the MONITOR’s;
nor does he ever dare to descend to particulars.
He affirms, the administration is conducted with
such integrity as defies reproach. The King of
 Prussia, still our ally, tells the world the con-
 trary. *He proceeds to say, with such vigour and*
success as, one would think, might silence the most
inveterate malice: name what success, the time
when, the place where. Sure you dare not
 allude to the unfair and *underhand* offers to the
 court

court of Vienna for an immediate accommodation in consequence of cessions to be made to them in Italy, *or elsewhere*, because it is now known those offers have been treated with the contempt they deserved. As to *vigour*, the spirit of the war has for some months infamously languished, nor is it yet revived. I own indeed that *the whole kingdom echoes with the sound of triumph and festivity*, but it is from the glorious conquests of the late administration, to which no addition whatever has been made by the present. Where are their trophies? In what part of the world have they gathered their laurels? Surely, in defiance of decency and justice, they have not endeavoured with their rude hands to tear from any sacred brow those fairly won, in order to place them on their own.

This author only gives himself out for a *Briton*. I have heard of a paper called a *Free Briton*; why has he dropt the title of *Free*? I am sure it never could be more properly applied, according to that famous verse,

—*Nunquam libertas gratior exstat*

Quam sub rege pio.—

But it is not for *freedom* that this writer chooses to draw his grey goose-quill. As little pretensions has he to the title of *True Briton*. Conscious of this, he only gives himself out as a *Briton*; a circumstance equally common to

him and *Buck-horse*. I wish the BRITON had given us any clue to unravel what his real views, besides pay or a pension, could be. He only declares his design to be to detect the *falsehood of malice*: mine shall be to detect the *malice of falsehood*---of his in particular; and he shall find that I will exert the undoubted privilege of every NORTH BRITON, that of speaking my opinion freely on every subject that concerns the community, of which I am a member. Though I am a NORTH BRITON, I will endeavour to write *plain English*, and to avoid the numerous *Scotticisms* the BRITON abounds with; and then, as the world is apt to mistake, he may be taken for a *Scotsman*, and I shall pass for an *Englishman*.

What I have to say of myself, shall soon be dispatched. I thank my stars, I am a *North Briton*; with this almost singular circumstance belonging to me, that I am *unplaced and unpensioned*: but I hope this reproach will soon be wiped away, and that I shall no longer be pointed at by my sneering countrymen.

I shall now, till next Saturday, take leave of this writer with an excellent observation which I lately read in Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE:

“ Thus much is certain, that whatever means
 “ will restore or raise the credit of his Ma-
 “ jesty’s government at home, will do it abroad
 too ;

“ too ; for a king of England, at the head of
 “ his parliament and people, and in their hearts
 “ and interest,” (as our sovereign now is, and
 from his virtues ever must be,) “ can never fail
 “ of making what figure he pleases in the
 “ world, nor of being safe and easy at home ;
 “ and may despise all the designs of factious
 “ men, who can only make themselves confi-
 “ dered by seeming to be in the interest of the
 “ nation, when the court seems to be out of
 “ it. But, in running on counsels contrary to
 “ the general humour and spirit of the people,
 “ the king indeed may make his *ministers great*
 “ *subjects*, but they can never make him a *great*
 “ *prince* *”.

Numb. II. Saturday, June 12, 1762.

Malè se res habet, cùm, quod VIRTUTE effici debet, id ten-
 tatur PECUNIA.

Things are in a bad way, when money is employed to bring
 about what should be effected by virtue. CICERO.

I Cannot conceal the joy I feel as a *North*
Briton, and I heartily congratulate my dear
 countrymen on our having at length accom-
 plished

* The first *Briton* was published May 29, 1762. The
North Briton began on the Saturday following.

plished the great, long fought, and universally national object of all our wishes, the planting a *Scotsman* at the head of the *English* Treasury. I was indeed before very well pleased with the conduct of the * two other gentlemen at that board, who are likewise natives of our country; but then they were obliged to serve under a noble † Duke of a peculiar cast, whose views were most evidently neither to enrich himself, nor to aggrandize us. My joy and exultation are now complete, for I have lived to see my countryman, the Earl of BUTE, adorned with the most noble order of the *Garter*, (which hath been given to *us* with so sparing a hand, and only for the most brilliant national services), and presiding over the finances of this kingdom. This is the post which the prime minister hath generally kept for himself, and is of the first importance in this country. It must ever be so in times of war, and above all in this wide-extended but glorious war, when nearly the sum of twenty millions will be this year raised on the subject; though, I thank heaven, but a *fortieth* part of it will be paid by us. This, I must confess, is matter of still greater triumph to me; for the poor pittance we pay to the support of the public, does not give

us

* Gilbert Elliot, and James Oswald, Esquires.

† Duke of Newcastle.

us even the most distant claim to the disposition of the whole, much less to the direction of the most important department of the state, our share of the legislature being much to our advantage settled at about a *thirteenth*, not a *fortieth*. It is clearly then merit, superior to all the *English* nobility, which has raised the Earl of BUTE to the first dignities, and to the power of disposing of so great public treasure.

Another circumstance must make this event peculiarly grateful to us. The Earl of BUTE has no *hereditary* right to a seat in parliament, nor is he elected by the free voice of the people: no; he is chosen by the *opulent* and *independent* nobility of Scotland; and when the commons have such various marks of favour and affection shewn to them, it must be a satisfaction to so many *free* and *loyal* nobles to see the object of their choice thus honoured, trusted, and rewarded for all his public toils and *private services*. Our *ancient kingdom* therefore cannot but be satisfied, and by every tie of gratitude, as well as duty, must *now* be sincerely attached to the government. The most suspicious can have no doubts concerning us for the future, in case of a rebellion's springing up in any other country; which, to me, seems *highly improbable*.

The wisdom of this measure hath been derided by shallow politicians, because two great rebellions

rebellions from *Scotland* have within a few years disturbed the tranquillity of this island, and shook the throne of two of the mildest and best sovereigns who ever governed a happy people. Nothing can be more weak or frivolous than this objection. Let us only consider what has before happened there ; and I choose to instance in the latter end of Queen ANNE's reign, because so many of our modern writers are drawing our attention to that period. Upon what grounds they proceed I know not, for I find no similitude, as it is impossible we can now be suing for peace in the most *abject* and *humiliating* manner after such amazing successes. In May, 1712, each of the heads of the Highland clans received 360 *l. sterling*, as a compleat year's payment of the bounty-money her Majesty was pleased to bestow upon them : these were the words of the receipt. Soon after they signed an address to the Queen, which was carried to London by *Allan Cameron*, brother to *Lochiel*, and presented to her Majesty, *Allan* being introduced by the Lord Treasurer *Oxford*, who was then the head of the *TORY* faction. In the address are these words : " Happy ! if after
 " your Majesty's late demise, to put a period
 " to our intestine divisions, the hereditary right
 " and parliamentary sanction could possibly meet
 " in the person of a *lineal* successor." At the
 accession

accession of the present illustrious family, the same Highland chiefs wrote a letter to the Earl of MAR, *intreating him to assure the government in their names, and in that of the rest of the clans, of their loyalty to his sacred Majesty King GEORGE; and that as they were always ready to follow his directions in serving Queen ANNE, so they will now be equally forward to concur with his Lordship in faithfully serving King GEORGE.* The Earl of MAR too had wrote the warmest letter of loyalty to his Majesty's great grandfather, and had taken the oaths of allegiance and abjuration; yet in a few months, even before there could be the pretence of a single grievance, all these infamous wretches went into open rebellion. Had the 360*l.* a year bounty-money been continued to them, and had the Earl of MAR remained secretary of state for Scotland, as he was at the death of Queen ANNE, some millions, which it cost to extinguish that rebellion, had probably been saved to this country. I therefore most sincerely hope, that as we have now a *Scottish* nobleman at the head of the treasury, his Lordship will consider it as the truest *æconomy* to give some proper pensions to his countrymen the Highland chiefs, which may save England the severe and expensive operation of quelling another insurrection, and bleeding again a country, which, I lament, is

so

so much exhausted by former rebellions, and the present general desertion of her sons and daughters. If this is done, I make no doubt but they will as implicitly follow the Earl of Bute as they did the Earl of Mar. I never shall be brought to believe, that *rebellion* is natural to any part of *Scotland*, as the plague is said to be to Egypt; but certainly in some parts this wicked spirit has been kept up with much art; and the late most unnatural rebellion was carefully nursed by Scotsmen, till it became the most accursed fiend we ever saw, which all the united plagues of Egypt could never equal. I cannot but say, the peculiar baseness and perfidy of my countymen at that time struck me; for while the *English* were so gallantly fighting for the liberties of Europe, and indeed of mankind, they were called back to deal out halters and gibbets to their fellow subjects of *Scotland*, who were forging chains for both nations; and, worse than the infamous Cappadocians of old, not only refused the liberty they might enjoy themselves, but endeavoured to entail *their* vassalage and slavery on the whole island.

To quit so disagreeable a subject: while I am taking the liberty of pointing out to the noble Lord, now at the head of the Treasury, the proper method of bestowing a part of the public treasure, I by no means intend to limit
his

his bounties to my own countrymen. His Lordship has been overflowing in goodness to several of the English, and besides the *Scots* I have already named, I would beg to recommend the patriots at the *Cocoa-tree*, if there are any left, who are still unprovided for by him. The just and *constitutional* claim they have on *this* royal family is uncontrovertible. I am glad it is at length admitted, and their merit rewarded. Most of their estates have suffered by their zeal in the cause of liberty. Their support of government has been steady and uniform; and as they at first exerted themselves in the expulsion of *Tarquin*, they have never repented it, nor have they ever been caught in any plots for his restoration. I really think this will make a more natural union with the countrymen of the new Minister than any other he can find here; and the illustrious house of Hanover will derive the truest strength from these *old* and *firm* friends.

I hope to be forgiven, if I add one hint to his Lordship, who is new in money business. Whatever is of the greatest convenience or use ought to be first attended to. I think therefore the first money issued by his Lordship should be the four thousand pounds very lately given for building a new bridge over the *Tweed*. I trust it will be finished this summer, as my family are very impatient to pay me a visit, and I have
not

not seen any of them since I took a walk up hither. Besides, this grant is of so new a nature, that it ought particularly to be considered. Westminster bridge was chiefly built by lotteries, and the city of London gave up very great tolls in consideration of the sums granted to them for the repairing their bridge. The four thousand pounds for this bridge over the *Tweed* are taken out of the supplies of the year. Though this is so new a thing, much more than a sufficient and adequate compensation will be made the Public by the number of my countrymen, who are hastening here with all their *wealth* and *manufactures*.

I am happy to find, that the *English* are not so sparing and penurious to us, both of money and praise, as they used to be. We are certainly growing into fashion. The most rude of our bards are admired; and I know some choice wits here, who have thrown aside *Shakespeare* and taken up *Fingal*, charmed with the variety of character, and richness of imagery. Mr. Horace Walpole, in that deep book, called *Royal and Noble Authors*, says, we are the most accomplished nation in Europe; the nation to which, if any one country is endowed with a superior partition of sense, (and he ought to have added of *humour* and *taste*, in both which we excel) I should be inclined to give the preference in that particular.

particular. How faithful is this masterly pen of Mr. *Walpole*! How unlike the odious, sharp, and strong incision pen of *Swift*! He has called us only *a poor, fierce, northern people*, and has asserted, *that the pensions and employments possessed by the natives of Scotland in England amounted to more than the whole body of their nobility ever spent at home; and that all the money they raised upon the Public was hardly sufficient to defray their civil and military lists.* This was at the latter end of Queen Anne's reign. How very different is the case now! I beg to recommend Mr. Walpole too, for so very particular a compliment, (which I hope flowed from his *heart*, still more than from his *head*) and I entreat his Lordship to put him on the list, immediately after my countrymen, and the Cocoa.

There are only two other persons I have to recommend to his Lordship. I must say a word of the poor BRITON: he deserves something—I will not name what—for sacrificing, at the shrine of BUTE, grammar, conscience, and common sense, for his Lordship's *glorification*: I will borrow only one word from the BRITON. Do not I too deserve something for reading every week the flimsy productions of so weak a head?

Numb. III. Saturday, June 19, 1762.

Nos patriam fugimus.

We all get out of our country as fast as we can. VIRG.

I HAVE already received a variety of letters from my correspondents. I must confess, that they are for the most part written in as peevish and angry a stile as the BRITON; and, after his manner, many foul and opprobrious epithets are bestowed on me. Some brand me with the name of a Trimmer, and charge me with having taken up the Pen only to be paid for laying it down again. Others assert, that I stand, like most of the *High and Mighty GERMAN PRINCES*, ready to let out both my *Pen* and my *Conscience* to the best bidder. Some of my own countrymen, with much bitterness, call me a *false Scot*; while on the other hand the English with much bitterness call me a *true Scot*. I am upbraided with having said, that *Scotland is exhausted by former rebellions, and the present general desertion of her sons and daughters*: the assertion is, alas! too true; and the fact too glaring to be denied. Like the Jews, we are spread over the face of every country, (except *our own*) and of this in particular. I regret

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regret it exceedingly, and the more, as I am afraid the evil is without a remedy; for I have never heard of any one of my countrymen being attacked with the *patrialgia*, the *maladie du Suisse*, (the *home-ach*, as it has been happily called) and in consequence languishing till he returned to *Scotland*. This is an old reproach on us; perhaps as antient as our kingdom itself. The English have never ceased to upbraid us with it. Their great poet Dryden (so confessedly superior to all the moderns, except Mr. John Home) in his *Abfalom* and *Achitophel*, says;

For never *Hebronite*, tho' *kick'd* and *scorn'd*,
To his own country willingly return'd.

Hebron, in the key, is *Scotland*. Whence can this peculiarity arise? Does not the *natale solum* inspire the same pleasing sentiments, though not *longings*, to us, as to the rest of mankind? All other nations speak of this sensation in the highest strains of rapture. I believe the true and fair reason is this: though our civil and military lists are filled by ourselves, and we have so carefully excluded almost every Englishman, and other foreigners, yet, as they are by no means adequate to all our necessities, a very considerable number of my countrymen are always sent out (like the Goths and Vandals of old) to fill the civil and military posts in other nations.

nations. How successful we have been in the pursuit, not only in this kingdom, but in France too, our *eternal* ally, is visible to all the world. I have an idea of publishing the names of my countrymen, who with so much honour have filled so many considerable posts at Paris, Rome, Avignon, St. Germain, &c. As to those here a publication of that kind would be unnecessary, as it would be transcribing almost the whole *red book*, which is already in every body's hands.

If the observation be true, that the riches of every country consist in the number of its inhabitants, (not the proud and idle, but the industrious inhabitants) how poor, alas! are we even in this respect? An expedient however might perhaps be found, which would bid fair to re-people my dear country. The experiment might indeed go rather too far, but it was the advice given to a former king, who suffered greatly for neglecting it, by a singular, disinterested *Scotchman* and *Churchman*, Archbishop SPOTSWOOD. When his Grace went to take leave of King CHARLES the First, who was setting out for *Scotland* in 1639, he advised his Majesty to make a catalogue of all his counsellors, household-officers, and domestic servants, and then with his pen expunge all the Scots, beginning first with himself, the Archbishop, who had given the counsel; conceiving that no man would accuse his Majesty

Majesty of partiality, when he found the Archbishop of St. Andrews, who so many years had served his father and himself, expunged among the rest; that he must not hope to win upon the Scots by condescensions, sweetnesses, or acts of grace, &c. The reason of which counsel was, because he had found, by sixty years experience, that they were generally a people so stubborn, that they were gained by punishments, and lost by favours. Archdeacon Eachard's History, 2d vol. folio, p. 151, 152.

I have some little business this week to settle with the BRITON. I desired him to name any instance of *vigour* and *success*, which had attended the present administration; and he tells me of the important conquest of Martinique, Granada, and the neutral islands in the West Indies. He might have mentioned Louisbourg, or Pondicherry, with as much propriety; and the present administration are surely rather too knowing (though this writer is ignorant) to lay any serious claim to the merit of either. Could the BRITON read men, and had he seen his patron, when the news of the reduction of Martinique first arrived, he must have marked, in the most dejected and distressed countenance I ever beheld, very clear proofs how unwelcome that event then was. I remember it was a general observation, that the common congratulations on so great and national an occasion were re-

ceived with coldness. It was not difficult to find the reason. The late minister closed all his glories with this great and important success. He had the happiness of covering with laurels a beloved prince, whom, I suspect, many false friends would rather see covered with a crown of thorns and *thistles*. Notwithstanding all the calumnies of the BRITON, this gentleman's honour is still un sullied, and his glory unclouded. *Ea autem est gloria, laus recte factorum, magnorumque in Rempublicam meritorum: quæ cum OPTIMI CUJUSQUE, tum etiam MULTITUDINIS testimonio comprobatur.*

With regard to the present expedition, the full merit of it cannot yet be ascertained to the public. Mr. PITT's legacy to this ministry, of a collected and powerful mass of force in the West Indies, (*not the bitter dregs of an exhausted cup**, but part of a solid plan for greater success) now remaining at their disposal in consequence of the reduction of Martinique, may cause the new expedition to be adequate in force to the important object. If therefore the conquerors of that island have not, in consequence of *delay*, the season to combat with, (the only enemy they cannot vanquish) a decisive blow may still be struck to the heart of Spain, and a glorious conclusion made to this most successful war.

In

* This was the phrase of Mr. George Grenville.

In the mean time, let every true lover of his country cease to adopt that *unmanly despair*, which has been so industriously inculcated in order to justify the procuring an accommodation *on any terms*. That *despair* counteracts the purpose, and serves only, by encouraging the enemy, to place the blessings of peace at a still greater distance.

The BRITON, in his first paper, broached a shameful calumny against his sovereign, of a similitude to *Tiberius*. In that of last Saturday, he attacks the memory of our late most excellent prince with equal virulence. He talks of his *prejudices* and *predilections*, and calls him a *weak sovereign*. Is this the return which a Briton makes for an unclouded æra of above thirty years of the truest liberty this nation ever enjoyed? Are the sacred ashes of a king, who made the laws of his country the only rule of his government, and founded his own happiness in that of his people, thus to be trampled upon? Surely this is the height of baseness and ingratitude; but it is the despicable, though fashionable cant of a party, who are daily making their court to an illiberal patron by the most indecent outrages offered to their late sovereign and benefactor: a liberty, not to say licentiousness, very unfit to recommend those who are guilty of it to the favour of a prince, one of

whose amiable qualities is a filial regard to the memory of his predeceffor.

The BRITON says, “ that the MONITOR “ has found a co-adjutant, who appears under “ the name of NORTH BRITON, though he “ shrewdly fufpects, however, that thefe feem- “ ingly diftinct perfonages are one and the “ fame individual.” His fufpicions are neither *fhrewd* nor *true*; and I can affure him, that both the MONITOR and NORTH BRITON (for there is a *duality* belonging to us) have laughed heartily at the BRITON’s total ignorance of ftile as well as politics. From what I have *read* of the BRITON, I do not defire to *converfe* with him; but I wifh to know more of the MONITOR.

The BRITON tells me that the *King’s Arms* make the fign of his publifher. I believe this is the only inftance of veracity in his whole paper: ftill my objection recurs. It is indifferent to me where elfe the *royal arms* may be difplayed; but it is equally *indecent* and *infolent* to blazon them forth with fuch pomp at the head of a political paper: *indecent* with refpect to the crown, *infolent* with refpect to the fubject. Had any other *arms* been there, I had made no objection; no, not if the *BUTE arms* had been at the head of the paper, as they might with the ftrictest propriety; provided
however

however that they were not above the royal arms.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

Whereas a certain great personage, who was lately inoculated for a *reigning* disorder, had very near miscarried through the unskilfulness of the *operator*: this is to inform the Public, that there is lately arrived from the *Highlands* one DUN SCOTUS, who can prove, from the *best Scottish historians*, that the malady hath continued in his family, without intermission, above *twelve thousand years*. He communicates the disorder with a single touch, and is to be met with between the hours of Ten and One, at the sign of the *Highlander*, in Scotland-yard, near the Treasury.

N. B. *No infection, no pay.*

Any person who can make out an *hereditary* right to the disorder, though the entail hath since been cut off through his absence from his own country, shall be touched *gratis*.

The utmost honour and secrecy may be depended on, the operator being a man of *quality* in his own country, and possessing an *easy* and *independent* fortune of forty Shillings per Annum.

Numb.

Numb. IV. Saturday, June 26, 1762.

Θαυμαζειν μοι επεισιν οπως Βυλος εστι σοφισης,
Μητε λογον κοινον, μητε λογισμον εχων.

It is surprizing to me how Bute can be a politician; a man, that has neither wisdom nor common sense.

Anthologia. Ed. Brodæi, fol. Franc. 1600, l. 2. p. 250.

TO THE NORTH BRITON.

My dear Countryman,

AT a time when the popular clamour is industriously raised, and the strongest prejudices are conceived against us by the whole *English* nation, I am glad to find a man who dares stand forth to the Public, and glory in the name of a *North Briton*. I have not yet read your papers, but I will not doubt of their being founded on that great and governing principle of every *true Scotchman*, the good of the common cause, and the advancement of our national interest: a point which to a man we have all in view, and to obtain which there are no measures we have ever boggled at, no risque we have ever scrupled to run.

The *English* (and losers must have leave to speak) may upbraid us, if they will, with our
strict

strict regard and attachment to each other, and our thorough contempt of them, and all the rest of the world. We confess the charge, and glory in it: nor shall we be easily persuaded to dissolve or relax that connection, whilst the advantages arising from it are so many and great. To this *national spirit* we have been indebted for many material benefits in former reigns, and to the *same spirit* we in some measure owe our present greatness, and that visible superiority which we have happily gained over *divided, weak, dispirited nobles*.

The EARL of BUTE (with triumph be it spoken) is now at the head of affairs, and there is nothing which we may not, which we ought not to hope for from the favour and patronage of our worthy *Countryman*. The *Union* indeed placed the preferments in *England* within our view, but the partiality of their statesmen, and their utter detestation of *Jacobitism*, a crime regularly charged on us, prevented our obtaining them in such proportion as our consequence to the state, and our *known loyalty* gave us reason to expect. These obstacles are now removed, our principles are no longer enquired into, the management of affairs is placed where every *Scotsman*, both for the glory of the nation and his own interest, would wish to have it; and the time is at length arrived, when the being born

born in *Scotland* shall be found to be the best and most effectual recommendation to preferment in *England*. In this I speak not only my own private opinion, but the sense of our whole nation.

It is on this occasion become fashionable to ask, what pretence can the *Scots* have, who bear no proportion in wealth and power to the English nation, who by no means bear an equal share of the public expence, who reserve to themselves all their own places, to grasp at all places of the greatest honour and profit in England, and to aim at getting every valuable employment into their own hands? Our answer to this is ready. We found our right to sharing every thing in common with the English on the *Union*, and we justify our endeavouring to engross every thing to our own use, on the common principle of prudence, which teaches every man to do as well for himself as he can. Whatever inequality there might have been before the *Union* was compleated, it afterwards entirely ceased, and we were all upon a level. Our national weakness and poverty might perhaps have been well and properly argued to prevent that treaty from taking place; but after the conclusion of it they can never be given as reasons for our not turning it as much as possible to our own advantage. The *Union* indeed was not of our seeking; we opposed it with our whole force,

for

for we considered it as contrary to the *dignity* and *interest* of our nation. Notwithstanding the specious pretences on which that treaty was grounded, and the seeming equity and impartiality with which it was planned and conducted, we could not persuade ourselves but the weaker nation would, in the common course of things, be swallowed up in the stronger, and our *most antient* kingdom by degrees become a province of England. These were our apprehensions, and on these we grounded our opposition. If time has proved our error, if things have taken quite a different turn; if through the great parts of our glorious countryman, and our own supple behaviour, dissimulation, and temporizing, we have turned the *Union* to our own advantage; if we see ourselves arrived at the height of our wishes, and consider England as a country intended for our use and refreshment, where we may revel at large, and scorn to ask the lordly owners leave; if this is the case, the English must thank themselves for it. They made the *Union*, and can have no right to complain of the consequences of it; they laid these advantages open to us, and as we have had the address to obtain, I trust we shall have the resolution to preserve them.

If we turn our eyes to the year forty-six, and compare our situation then with what it is now,
how

how happy a reverse shall we find in our affairs ! A great part of our nation was at that time in open rebellion against the *grandfather* of his *present Majesty*. They threatened no less than the destruction of his *whole family*, and to place on the throne one of the same name and family with our present loyal patron. The principles of those amongst us, whom *fear* or *prudence* kept quiet, were strongly suspected ; and the very name of a *Scot* was grown into hatred and contempt. How happy, as well as wonderful, is the change ! for now, *without having given any proof of a change of sentiments on our parts*, we find ourselves caressed, respected, and preferred ! The Earl of BUTE, JOHN STUART, a name ever dear to us, whose abilities, we think, are no more to be doubted than his affection to us, possesses the first post in the state ; another * of our worthy countrymen, remarkable for his impartial and intrepid administration of justice, holds a conspicuous station in the the law ; and a third †, whose conduct and success in *America* does honour to his country, and endears him even to the English, is to our great joy appointed to a command of the first importance in Portugal. These are circumstances which, although glorious in themselves, yet seem to *promise something*

* Lord Mansfield, Chief Justice of England.

† Earl of London.

thing more, and to be the forerunners of that national grandeur to which we have always aspired, though, till this juncture, there was little likelihood of our obtaining it.

In the prosecution of this grand design we must naturally expect to meet with difficulties. The jealousy of the English will undoubtedly take the alarm, and endeavour to prevent our progress. But, alas! how weak and contemptible must that opposition be! *How shall they be able to resist us, when they cannot agree among themselves?* They may indeed vent their fury in words, and satisfy their anger with reproaches; they may tell us of our perpetual enmity to them before the *Union*, and our supercilious contempt of them since; they may charge us with repeated perfidies and rebellions, with hypocrisy and disaffection; but we shall surely know our own interests better than to pay any regard to the frantic passion of losing gamesters. This very storm of words will in time subside; their natural indolence will resume its place; they will not only be contented, but even thankful to us for taking the trouble of state affairs off their hands, and gratefully deem the profits and honours we receive inadequate to the fatigue we undergo.

In our disputes with the English there hath always been one subject, our *poverty*, with which clamour

they have so *illiberally* and *falsely* reproached us. If truth and reason can be attended to amidst clamour and prejudice, we might produce numberless instances how improperly we are charged in this respect. I shall only mention two. When Lord DARNLY was married to MARY, Queen of SCOTS, he applied to the *City of Edinburgh* for a loan, and we can make it appear by unquestionable authority, however incredible it may seem to our English readers, that the *City of Edinburgh* alone agreed to advance, and did actually raise for his use, even at that time, the entire sum of *twenty pounds*: and at this day it is a known truth, that *the kingdom of SCOTLAND alone pays near half as much as the whole county of YORK*. If these instances are not thought sufficient to remove the objection, we will at least promise our good friends the English to remove it at their cost; and we hope in a short time to give them more reason to complain of our being rich, than ever they had to reproach us with our being poor.

One thing there is yet wanting to complete the happiness of our present situation, that the money which our countrymen receive in *England* may be expended in *Scotland*. This indeed is in some measure, but not fully, answered by the strict caution they use to deal with none but *Scots*. The only means I can think of to bring
this

this to bear would be (if that is not flattering
ourselves too much) the residence of our most
gracious sovereign amongst us, if not entirely, at
least by way of refreshment, for the winter
months. I know but one objection to this,
which is, that the last King but one, who
committed himself to our care, we sold, though
our countryman, into the hands of his rebel
subjects; but in the present humour of the times
this objection might not occur, or might be
obviated; for the same consideration of interest,
which then made us false, would now make us
true.

If you think this feasible, and likely to take
place soon, I will stay here contented in expect-
ation of so desirable an event; if not, I desire
you will procure me a sum sufficient to bring
myself and family to town in such a way as may
not discredit our cause. I shall depend upon
you likewise to prepare such accommodations
as may be proper, and some little snug place
for the present, till a better can be had. As
to titles, that is a matter which requires some
consideration, they being of late years grown so
cheap, that I do not know whether it will be for
my credit to accept of any. I am,

My dear NORTH BRITON,

Your loving Countryman.

Numb. V. Saturday, July 3, 1762.

Dabitur mora parvula, dum res,
Nota urbi et populo, contingat PRINCIPIS aures,
Dedecus ILLI domus sciet ultimus.

A day or two of anxious life you gain,
Till loud reports through all the town have pass'd,
And reach'd the prince.

JUVENAL.

TO THE NORTH BRITON.

S I R,

THE fatal consequences which must necessarily arise from a prince's resigning himself to the absolute direction of a *favourite*, were strongly described in the MONITORS of the 22d of May and the 12th of June, and fully illustrated in the Kings of France and Poland, who have lately fallen victims to a confidence misplaced in an enterprising minister by the latter, and in an intriguing mistress by the former. The intent of those papers was undoubtedly patriotic, and, like a mirror, they may serve to exhibit to future princes the unhappy effects of placing implicit trust in any one *favourite*, in contempt of the salutary advice of such faithful subjects,

subjects, as have in days of difficulty proved themselves friends to their country, and steadily attached to *their* Royal Family.

Instances of this kind may produce very proper effects in the minds of those who are not so self-sufficient as to believe, that in similar situations their abilities would enable them to convert those very incidents, which have been the ruin of others, into solid foundations, on which they could erect a superstructure of happiness for themselves.

Examples however of *successful virtue* prove generally stronger incentives to glorious actions. It may therefore perhaps be more expedient, instead of painting the miseries which a country must be involved in, if governed by an insolent *favourite*, to shew the peculiar felicity of a prince and people rescued from the tyrannous slavery of a *court minion*, exemplified in the deliverance of this country by the noble and manly conduct of EDWARD the THIRD. The reign of his Father and predecessor, EDWARD the SECOND, is distinguished in history as the reign of *favourites*: to his unbounded affection for them, may be ascribed the various misfortunes that afflicted this country at that time; and by those attachments, the affections of the OLD Nobility were so alienated from him, that he became in-

volved in disputes which terminated with the loss of his crown and life.

The deposing of this prince was not productive of all that happiness, which the nation was taught to expect from it. The people, it is true, saw themselves delivered from the troubles which had disturbed the late reign; but they were not freed from the fears of falling into a more dreaded situation. They knew what the government of a weak and imprudent King could do, but they were unexperienced as to the effects of a minority under the direction of a *Mother*, actuated by strong passions, and influenced by an insolent minister.—By the laws of the realm it was necessary that a Regency, consisting of twelve of the nobility, should be appointed for the government of the state; but though the form of this was complied with, and the *Earl of Lancaster*, a near relation to the King, was nominated President, yet *Mortimer*, afterwards Earl of March, was, through the ascendancy he had obtained over the *Queen Mother*, in fact the sole Regent. At his pleasure the great officers of state were appointed, or removed; he assumed the authority of the King; and solely possessed his ear: the King's uncles, the president of the regency, and the whole of the nobility, were not suffered to approach their sovereign, unless their opinions

nions coincided with *Mortimer's*; and in their intercourse, only permitted in this manner, care was taken to have his Majesty so surrounded by spies, that the minister could not fail to receive information of every measure intended to injure him in the opinion of the King. Thus educated under the guidance of his *Mother*, thus secured by the custody of *Mortimer*, he was easily persuaded to believe that *Mortimer* was a faithful friend and a consummate minister. *Mortimer*, now in the zenith of his power, soon gave proofs of the weakness of his head, and the wickedness of his heart; for *Robert Bruce*, King of *Scotland*, taking advantage of the minority of the King, and the want of stability in his councils, sent a powerful army to invade *England*. *EDWARD* opposed them in person; but the inferiority of the Scottish army was so great, that they declined an engagement, and fled before the arms of *EDWARD*, laying waste the country in their retreat: at length *EDWARD* came up with them at *Stanhope-park*; but they, during his making the necessary dispositions for an attack, and under the cover of a dark night, silently decamped, and before *EDWARD* was informed of their flight, had got to such a distance, that it was impossible for his army to overtake them. This escape was generally imputed to *Mortimer*, and

the consequences of it confirmed the suspicion; for instead of EDWARD's pursuing the Scots into their own country at the head of a formidable army, and compelling them to accept of such terms as he might think fit to grant them, a shameful *peace* was concluded for him by the influence of *Mortimer*; such a *peace* as, historians say, was profitable to the *Queen Mother* and *Mortimer*, but inconsistent with the honour of the King, and the profit of the realm and people.

“ Being therefore so great in authority and
“ possessions, he now drew after him more at-
“ tendants than the King himself; nay, he
“ was so sottishly blinded by false ambition,
“ that he would expect his lord and master
“ to rise first to him, and, if offered, would
“ permit it. Nor would he in the least scruple
“ to walk fast by the King as his fellow, nay,
“ sometimes walk on in state before him as his
“ lord, looking back, and more than fa-
“ miliarly laughing upon his sovereign.” This
is Joshua Barnes's Account. History of Ed-
ward the Third, printed at Cambridge, 1688,
folio. Dedicated to King James the Second;
licensed by authority, p. 46. When we survey
Mortimer, thus established in the plenitude of
power, filling all the offices of state with his
creatures, banishing the relations and friends

of the young King from court, and suffering none to approach him, but such as were continually employed in trumpeting the praise of *Mortimer* and the uprightness of his administration, it would have been impossible for us to account for the sudden revolution that followed, had not the historians left us a clue to lead us through this labyrinth; for they scruple not to affirm, that as *Mortimer* was indebted for the enormity of his power to a criminal correspondence with the *Queen Mother*, so to honest insinuations of this given to the King must be ascribed his amazing downfall. And although *Barnes* seems to discredit the report, by saying, "Surely whoever considers the inequality of the *Queen's* age with that of *Mortimer's*, she being little more than thirty, and he at least more than fifty, will rather believe, that by his subtle and crafty insinuations he made himself necessary to the *Queen's* councils, than that his person could ever render him acceptable to her bed; she herself being accounted one of the most delicate ladies of that age: whereas he was not only a married man, but a father of eleven children."

Barnes's History, p. 54.—Yet *Rapin* makes no doubt of the truth of this assertion, and says, "The article of his impeachment concerning his commerce with the *Queen* is a clear

“ clear evidence how much the whole king-
 “ dom was offended at their familiarity. If it
 “ had not been notorious, there is no likelihood
 “ that the parliament would have wounded that
 “ princess’s honour so deeply, which could not
 “ but reflect on the king her son. They who
 “ have endeavoured to vindicate her, by the
 “ little probability that a princess of so high a
 “ rank should so far forget herself, did not con-
 “ sider, that a few years before the three
 “ daughters-in-law of *Philip the Fair* were as
 “ regardless of their reputations, by the confes-
 “ sions of all the historians.” *Rapin’s History*,
 translated by Tindal, 8vo. 3d vol. p. 241.
 Printed at London.

Leaving this fact however unascertained by the
 historians, it is clear that at length some insinua-
 tions were thrown out before the king, con-
 cerning the immensity of *Mortimer’s* power
 and mal-administration: these engaged ED-
 WARD to examine into affairs, and he was
 made to observe, that the Earl of March affected
 to outshine his sovereign by a magnificence too
 splendid for any subject; that he disposed of all
 the great offices of the kingdom to his creatures;
 that he was absolute master of the fate of the
English, advancing or displacing them in pro-
 portion as they were calculated to serve the base
 purposes of his own interest, without regard to
 that

that of his country; that the shameful peace concluded with the Scots was of his making; that by his private orders, Edward the Second was murdered; that by his secret practices the Earl of Kent, the king's uncle, lost his life; that it appeared very probable that the queen and her minister had formed the design of securing in their hands the royal authority, *by keeping him always a minor*; and lastly, that his influence over the queen arose from a correspondence with her dishonourable to his Majesty, as it was affirmed she had lately been impregnate by him.----This is Barnes's account, p. 47.

These informations coinciding with the suspicions of EDWARD, he, with a resolution and judgment unequalled in history, in person seized *Mortimer* in the presence of the *Queen Mother*, and sent him to the Tower; then called a Parliament, told them, "That though not yet arrived at the age prescribed by law, yet, with the consent of his subjects, he designed for the future holding the reins of government in his own hands." To this the Parliament cheerfully assented, the members being equally ready to second his designs; and as a proof of it, *Mortimer* was condemned to be executed at Tyburn; which was done without shewing him any favour.---These are the plain facts, as related by the best English historians.

Thus

Thus did EDWARD wipe off the blemishes which had sullied his minority; thus, taking the reins of government into his own hands, did he give a happy presage of the glory and prosperity of his future reign, the brightest perhaps in the annals of England. O may Britain never see such a day again! when power acquired by profligacy may lord it over this realm; when the feeble pretensions of a *court minion* may require the prostitution of royalty for their support; or if, which heaven avert! such a day should come, may a Prince truly jealous of the honour of his House, and armed with the intrepidity of EDWARD THE THIRD, crush the aspiring wretch who mounts to power by such ignoble means.

I am, SIR,

Your humble Servant.

Numb. VI. Saturday, July 10, 1762,

Utinam Respublica stetisset, quo erat, statu, nec in homines
non tam COMMUTANDARUM, quàm EVERTENDARUM
cupidos incidisset.

I could wish the commonwealth to have been in its former situation, rather than to have fallen among men not so much desirous of its change as its total destruction

CICERO.

INOW sit down to endeavour not only to quiet the minds of my countrymen under their present fear of impending evils, but to give them the best grounded hopes of the halcyon days which are to succeed, and to crown all our fondest wishes, from this auspicious æra *incipient magni procedere menses*. No month nor scarcely day, but shall be marked with white, and graced with some acts of bounty and favour to my countrymen, either openly here, or secretly in the *English* colonies, and in the late numerous conquests. I think indeed, that the more glaring marks of honour, profit, or confidence, should, in good policy, be at present withheld from us, or very sparingly given, for they are too invidious; but it is surely right to proceed in dealing out to us, and to us alone,
all

all those essential benefits and *good things* which are so various in all parts, and are held almost unknown, and consequently unenvied.

I find that it is absolutely necessary more fully to explain myself, because many of my friends are exceedingly alarmed from the fear of our standing alone in the present political fray, and are continually lamenting, that almost all those who were esteemed good, great, or amiable among the *English*, have either refused to serve under our *Chief* or have given open proofs of their dissatisfaction with a *Scottish* administration, and of their resolution soon to leave us *North Britons* to ourselves. The great danger many apprehend from this does not strike me. I rather think such an event would be advantageous to us. We should then attain the completion of all our views, the intire possession of the revenues of this whole country, and should be saved the trouble of making a general sweep of our rivals, the *English*, which our friends strenuously advise us to do. This advice is far from being new, or unprecedented. The *Tories* at the latter end of Queen Anne's reign were believed to have failed from this very omission, the not removing all of the *Whig* leaven from the employments they possessed. Our services would even then be inadequately rewarded, if it is considered how long we have been kept un-

der

der by *English* and *Whiggish* administrations, which have ever declared they never could trust us.

We have besides a superior claim of merit to the English. Our countryman the BRITON has enumerated the many conquests the *Scots* have made, and the many victories they have gained, at *Cape Breton*, *Ticonderoga*, *Fort Duquesne*, and *Quebec*, in *Guadalupe*, and *Martinique*, before the walls of *Pondicherry*, and in the plains of *Westphalia*, &c. &c. with little assistance from the English. I believe he has omitted but two of our late glories, the victories of *Preston-Pans* and *Falkirk*, gained, I own, without the least assistance from the *English*: who, undoubtedly from a principle of envy, cannot bear the mention of either, but are forever rejoicing over *Culloden*, as a victory of truer national importance than even *Hockstet*. How many insolent songs of triumph have they made for that single victory of *Culloden*! With what noble strains of rapture has that whole nation celebrated their second great deliverer, as they call him, the *Duke of Cumberland*! But surely our bards have at least equalled theirs, though in a different strain. How pathetic have been our lamentations! How has our admired elegy of *Mourn, hapless Caledonia!* *mourn*, echoed from hill to hill! With what tearful eyes is it

it still sung by every true *Scot*! In what moving strains did our bards celebrate their dear country's *sons lying slaughtered on the ground*, on that fatal day! fatal I mean to such numbers of my friends and countrymen.

Besides this general claim of merit, we desire to put in another, the strongest possible, arising from the merit of our great patron. What amazing proofs has he given the world of the most consummate abilities, and the truest wisdom! I do not mean that sinister and crooked wisdom, called *cunning*, which alone, our enemies say, we possess to any great degree; but I speak of that great and comprehensive knowledge, which takes in the general plan of the whole, and yet is able to adapt itself to all the parts. Has he not a great, *and indeed, national*, system? None but Englishmen can suppose he has not, and they must injuriously and enviously pretend, that he has been found to fluctuate daily from a total want of all precision of ideas, and knowledge of the connection of things.

Let us however examine the fact, and then we shall see if our fears of being left to ourselves are well grounded or not. The *Duke of Newcastle*, it is said (whose signal services to the house of *Hanover* are almost sufficient to outweigh all the demerits and traitorous at-

tempo

tempts of the many noble families, whose letters to the PRETENDER makes almost the whole volume of *Colonel Hooke's negotiations*) has quitted the service of that illustrious family. We are all now crouding to support Mr. PITT, whose administration heaven blessed with such distinguished success, has likewise retired. Mr. LEGGE, who is so confessedly superior, I believe unrivalled, in the important knowledge of the finances of this kingdom, and of its late powerful rival, is at present only a most amiable private gentleman, happy in his family, and in the circle of his select friends, who now enjoy, free from interruption, an inexhaustible fund of refined sense and classical wit. There are likewise some others, in whom the nation has the justest confidence, who are preparing to take their flight from us.

But can it be said, that all the *English* ministers either have, or intend to leave us? Is not the virtuous Mr. FOX, the darling of the people, still very high in office, and in one of the most lucrative employments the government has to bestow? Does he not privately assist our *Chief* with the most *salutary* counsels? Has he not proposed the most *healing* measures? We know that he is ready publicly to stand forth our champion, and that he has most explicitly offered us some time ago *to speak, or not to speak,*

in

in the senate. Can *this* part of that great man's conduct be deemed equivocal? It has indeed hitherto been thought adviseable for him to remain silent, and for some few years his lips have been locked in adamantyne silence, *from a full conviction of the rectitude of the public measures*. His regard to *us* however we have the strongest reason to believe, and we are secure (unless indeed a new change happens) of his effectual support of *us*, against all his own countrymen with his amazing powers of eloquence. What then may we not expect from the violence and impetuosity of such a torrent, which, like a stream from our Highlands, after having stopped for some years, on a sudden bursts forth again—but I hope not to ruin the country. I am sure this gentleman will never concur in much less advise, any measures but such as shall appear *soothing and conciliating*. His tenderness for the Constitution, and his affection for the House of Commons in particular, have been fully experienced; nor will he ever *desire to have the whip in his hands, to lash into obedience the refractory members* *. The people of England too will be made happy with the idea of power being lodged in his hands; and we North Britons

* This expression, and the former, *to speak, or not to speak* were the particular phrases used by Mr Fox, in a private treaty or rather bargain, for ministerial power.

No. 6. THE NORTH BRITON. 49

I shall see with joy and gratitude his unwearied endeavours to perfect the noble plan of liberty delivered down to us from our Scottish ancestors. The happiest consequences will in every way be derived to the public; and I hope soon to hear of the recovery of *Minorca*, which, as I remember, was most ignominiously, though I believe not treacherously, lost, when he was Secretary of State.

There is likewise another gentleman, whom by the most amiable arts, which would do us honour, were they known to the world, we have entirely secured, and detached from his friends (and di boni! what friends?) and family, to whom he has such infinite obligations: but *omnes omnium caritates patria nostra una complexa est*. This is not in itself a wonderful acquisition; but I consider it as the first-fruits of our labours among the great families of the English nobility; and I hope soon to see among them many other glorious effects (both in public and private) of our fixed maxim, *divide et impera*. This gentleman has already spurned at all obligations, and has broke through whatever would have engaged every other man, for he has sacrificed every social and friendly tie to cement the union with us. His intense zeal (a symptom frequent among apostates and renegadoes) has been demonstrated

on many late occasions; and in a great assembly, if he has failed to persuade, he has never failed to wear out the adversary, and to sink him into a deadly lassitude, perhaps a lethargy. How most fervently have all parties concurred in wishing him in a certain chair! We have the more obligations to this gentleman for taking the seals, because he is not the child of *ambition*, nor is his great soul tainted with fordid *avarice* †: that is only the vice of reptile and groveling minds. Though he has left the naval department, he has not, I trust, left behind him all attention to that most important business. I hope he will think of some other regulations to prevent the late almost incredible desertion of seamen from the royal navy, which his new regulations (so applauded by Boscawen and our other great sea officers, and so grateful to all our commanders) were intended to prevent. When the public is favoured with the next pleasing print of this gentleman, I hope the artist will have reason to adorn the other hand with *An act to prevent desertion from the royal navy*, which, till it is accomplished, I shall believe the other boasted *Act for the encouragement of the seamen, &c.* is of as much use in the print as any where else.

These

† It is reported, that in a great assembly, he said, *I am not the child of ambition, nor of avarice, &c.*

These are the two illustrious personages, on the part of *England*, who support our *Scottish Chief*. How nobly conspicuous in both is the amiable frankness and openness of heart of the *English* nation? I only name these two, for the fidelity of others to *us* is dubious and suspected. Some have already begun to calumniate *our* patron, and even talk of retaliating our own arts on us.

I will only add, how greatly must this island, and above all our *dear country*, now figure to the whole continent! The most real union among all the parts of government, and the whole body of the *English* nation, no less joined with us in *hearts* than in *interests*, rising up, like one man, to support the new *Scottish* pillar of the state! What satisfaction has the *Czar* expressed in our *firm* and *united* councils! What unbounded confidence has the *King of Prussia* in this new *North British* administration! and with what unfeigned rapture will *France* receive the news, that there is no longer a first minister in this island from their *ancient enemy* *England*; but from their firm and unshaken ally, *SCOTLAND*!

Numb. VII. Saturday, July 17, 1762.

Quod optanti divum promittere, nemo
Auderet, volvenda dies en attulit ultro.

Revolving time has accomplished that for you, for which you
might have prayed eternally in vain.

TO THE NORTH BRITON.

My dear Countryman,

SUFFER me to intermingle tears of joy with you on our present happy situation; and to heighten your satisfaction, give me leave to exhibit to you a glimpse of futurity. The English (Mr. *Horace Walpole* only excepted) pretend to an equal *partition of good sense* with us; but there is one most noble intellectual gift they have never pretended to share with us. We have monopolized it from them and from all the world unenvied. It is a particular mark of the favour of heaven, as all our divines say, to the chosen *Scots*. I mean the gift of *second sight*, which, though laughed at by every sensible man of every other nation, we all believe to be really possessed in an eminent degree by many of our countrymen, and

No. 7. THE NORTH BRITON. 53

and to be found among us in the highest perfection, where there are no traces of common sense, nor the first principles of any science. By this happy gift I have approximated many objects in the *camera obscura* of futurity, and I trust you with the most pleasing view. Whether you will chuse to make the whole discovery, or any part of it, public, I shall submit to your discretion, concluding, with repeated congratulations.

Your's,

B. MAC STUART.

THE
FUTURE CHRONICLE:

OR THE
NOVA SCOTIA INTELLIGENCER.

YESTERDAY morning the two new-raised regiments of Highland guards were reviewed in Hyde Park by his grace the duke of *Inverness*, who was pleased to say, "They keen'd their business right weel. and went through their exercise very connily."

We hear that the Earl of *Loudon* will have the command of the forces destined against

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Louisburg.

54 THE NORTH BRITON. No. 7.
Louisburg. His Lordship is descended from the great Earl of *Loudon*, who, by gallant achievements in that quarter of the globe, acquired the surname of *Americanus*.—It is said that his lordship will certainly appoint Capt. *Abercrombie* one of his aids du camp.

Last night the Marquis of *Kirkudbright* arrived at *Holyrood*, late *Buckingham* house, from his government of *Ireland*, where his prudent and frugal administration has gained him the hearts of all ranks of people. His excellency was attended to the water-side by the lord mayor and aldermen of *Dublin*, with pipers before them, playing the tune of *Highland laddy*, in compliment to his excellency, with which (if we may judge from the various contortions of his features and writhings of his shoulders) his excellency was highly delighted.

Several disorderly persons were yesterday taken into custody, being charged with drinking the glorious memory of King *William*, confusion to the *Stuarts*, and divers other treasonable toasts.

The managers of both theatres have received orders to lay aside the custom of representing the tragedy of *Tamerlane* on King *William's* birth-day, and instead thereof to entertain the public on that occasion with *Home's Douglas* and the *Gentle Shepherd*.

Great

Great rejoicings have been made by all loyal subjects on hearing that the heirs of the illustrious houses of *Kilmarnock* and *Balmerino* were restored to the honours of their ancestors.

Lord *Lovat*, being appointed lord high commissioner, is preparing to set out for Edinburgh, to preside at the general assembly of the kirk of Scotland.

Yesterday the Duke of *Inverary*, Lord High Admiral of England, gave a grand entertainment at Portsmouth, on occasion of putting into commission the two men of war of eighty guns each. They were named the *Falkirk* and *Preston Pans*. The *Cumberland* and *Culloden* were ordered to be laid up.

Strict orders are issued forth to prohibit the use of calves or cods heads from the 29th to the 31st of January, both inclusive.

At the last sessions held at the Old Bailey, *John Hampden* and *William Orange* were tried and convicted on the Whig act before Lord Chief Justice *Womansmeadow*, who, after a very learned and elegant oration in favour of the liberties of the press and people, sentenced both the delinquents to the punishment due to their demerits.

Last night, to the unspeakable loss of the public, died the most high, most puissant, and most noble Prince, John Duke of Peebles,

knight of the most noble order of the garter, &c. &c. &c. &c. His grace had for many years presided at the board of treasury with equal ability and integrity. He was so severe in collecting the public revenue, that the window tax of the ISLE of BUTE, in one year, produced the clear sum of *thirteen shillings and six-pence*. To him we are indebted for the improvement of our knowledge, the refinement of our taste, and the elegance of our manners. Such was his grace's early affection for this country, that even in the infancy of his administration he prevailed on numbers of his accomplished countrymen to leave their native land, and dedicate their talents to the emolument of England: many of them he even persuaded to accept of places at court, by which means the language became polished to the highest degree of *Caledonian* purity. To enumerate his grace's virtues would require the pen of a Macpherson, or a Lauder; however we have the pleasure to assure the public, that a beautiful elegy on the melancholy occasion is promised, as soon as the paroxysm of grief shall have subsided, by the ingenious gentleman who chuses to distinguish himself by the title of the BRITON.

Some time since died Mr. John Bull, a very worthy, plain, honest old gentleman, of Saxon descent.

descent. He was choaked by inadvertently swallowing a *thistle*, which he had placed by the way of ornament on the top of his fallad. For many years before he had enjoyed a remarkable good state of health.

Worthy Englishmen !

Heaven and earth call upon you with one voice to reinstate me in your favour. While you placed your confidence in me, I was the defender of your liberties, and am desirous of discharging that glorious duty to the end of time. To my auspicious schemes you owe the illustrious house of Hanover, equally famed for mildness and valour; to my resolution and conduct you owe the expulsion of a family equally infamous for tyranny and cowardice. Vindicate your honour 'ere it be too late, and beware of cherishing vipers in your bosoms.

WHIG REVOLUTION,

Born anno 1688, confirmed 1715,
married April 16, 1746.

This

This Day is published, a new Edition,
 Adorned with an elegant Head of that glorious
 Monarch,
The Works of King JAMES the First,
 Of learned, pious, and peaceful Memory.
 To which is now added, His Art of *Hocus Pocus*.
 From an original MS.
 Lately dug out of the Ruins of Sterling Castle.
Semper honos nomenque tuum laudesque manebunt. VIRG.
 Printed for A. Macdonald, at the Dunciad,
 in Scotland-Yard.

Proposals for printing by Subscription,
BOWER TRIUMPHANT:

O R,

SCOTTISH INNOCENCE VINDICATED.

An ESSAY, by William Lauder.

Nequicquam patrias tentasti lubricus artes. VIRG.

With a Preface by Lord LITTLEWIT,
 And a full Length of his Lordship; done from
 an original Caricatura of Nature.

Printed at Glasgow, and sold by all the Scots
 Booksellers.

To-morrow

To-morrow will be published,
O THE ROAST BEEF!

O R,
THE CASE IS ALTERED.

A PROSE POEM, in the modern Taste.
By LAZARUS MAC BAREBONES,
Of *Scotstarvit*, Esq;

Peace and Plenty tell a Stuart reigns. POPE.

Dr. TICKLEWRIST thinks it is more his duty than his interest to acquaint the public that his Titallatory Elixir is a sovereign remedy for the present epidemical distemper. It is safe, cheap, and pleasant in its operation, and never fails to give immediate ease in the most violent paroxysms. Nay, the Doctor may with truth affirm, that most of his patients have found the medicine so extremely agreeable, that they wish for a continuance of the disorder merely to have the pleasure of using it; for to persons unafflicted it is totally insipid. The Doctor may be spoken with at the Crown and Thistle in Little-Britain. He also teaches, on very moderate terms, to play upon the fiddle.

Mr.

Mr. MAC PHERSON's fifteenth course of Lectures on Oratory began yesternight, and will be continued *timeously* every evening, the Sabbath only excepted. Select passages out of *Allan Ramsay* and other celebrated writers, will be read for the better illustration of the precepts. At the conclusion of the course, Mr. Mac Pherson purposes a general exercitation of all his pupils, as formerly; but as many of them have on foregoing occasions, through want of a proper command of voice, run into discordant notes, to the great annoyance of the delicate ears of the North British nobility, who have attended to mark the progress of the young gentlemen, it is expected that for the future they will submit to have their voices properly pitched by the drone of a bag-pipe. The Professor, if required, wears gloves.

LONDON: Printed for BLUESTRING MAC STUART, at the Star and Garter, in the Minories.

Numb. VIII. Saturday, July 24, 1762.

PLACUISSE NOCET.

To obtain favour, he does mischief.

WHEN we consider how fashionable the word *favourite* is grown, how common in every mouth, what a remarkable stress is laid upon it, and with what marks of discontent it is generally accompanied, we are naturally induced to think that there is at present some one person, signified under the name of *favourite*, who is raised to an extraordinary degree of power and credit, without any title to that preference from superior integrity and abilities, and from whose influence the rights and liberties of the people seem to be in danger. This idle notion is greatly strengthened by the weekly retailers of politics. The MONITOR talks of Count BRUHL, and the BRITON, with his usual honesty and penetration, seems willing to acquire a property in that paper, by bringing it home to the present times, and drawing such comparisons as no man of sense could, and no true BRITON ought to draw. The AUDITOR, with that caution which always implies a consciousness

sciousness of guilt, deals out his laboured notions of *favouritism*, wantonly asperges the most amiable characters, and exalts the most despicable, but with such peculiar symptoms, with such strong marks of falshood; and such plain fear of detection, that his praises and his censures equally speak a heart arguing against his own conviction. The NORTH BRITON, following the example of his brethren, gave the public an account *from history, and chiefly in the words of history*, of ROGER MORTIMER, who in the reign of EDWARD the Third was the notorious favourite and supposed minion of the Queen-Mother; and the BRITON, in his excellent observations on that paper, calls it, with a clearness of expression peculiar to himself, AN ATALANTIS. If I do not understand that word properly, I should be glad that my worthy friend the BRITON would set me right; but if I do understand it properly, I should be much obliged to him if he will shew me with what propriety it is applied to that paper.

It is something strange how this subject of *favourites* could at this time insinuate itself into common conversation, and demand the consideration of the public. I will venture to say, and undertake to prove, that since the glorious, successful, and upright administration under which MINORCA fell into the hands of the

FRENCH,

FRENCH, there hath not appeared in a public capacity any one man on whom the name of *favourite*, in the odious acceptation of the word, can possibly be fixed. Had we seen a man, during that time, raised to the highest honours and most important place, without any merit to justify his *glorification*, without any one recommendation but the blind affection of his Sovereign; had we found him solely attached to his own interests, taking advantage of the confidence reposed in him by his master, in order to abuse that sacred trust, tampering with his pliant disposition, making himself necessary to his foibles and passions, separating the interests of king and subject, advising such measures as must naturally estrange the affections of his people, and drawing him into trifling amusements, merely to take off his attention from things of consequence, so that the management and disposition of places might remain entirely in himself and his creatures, *such a man* would be the first who ought to be branded with the name of *favourite*; a name always attended with odium, and oftentimes with danger. The NORTH BRITON ought publicly to stand forth against such a man, and endeavour to point against him the resentment of a people equally jealous of the honour of their Sovereign and their own. On the contrary, when we see
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men, actuated with a real regard for their country, acting on the best of principles, uniting, what indeed ought never to be separated, the good of the prince and the people, and pursuing the most noble ends by those means which seem most likely to produce them; when we see such men honoured with the confidence of their Sovereign, possessed of the first offices of state, holding the reins of government, and *guiding* our most important affairs, we congratulate ourselves on having such ministers, we detest those incendiaries who would represent them to us in the disagreeable light of *favourites*, and are happy in acknowledging, that the esteem which a Sovereign entertains for such ministers is real judgment, and the rewards he bestows on them is justice, and not favour. Cheap as we hold the ENGLISH in politics, we cannot suppose them so far gone in absurdity, as to brand any man with a name which hath ever carried along with it an idea of detestation, merely because he stands high in the esteem of his prince. We must in justice suppose that they consider him as unworthy of that esteem, as a disgrace to the person who countenances, and a load to the country who suffers him, and that their resentments are founded, and the name of favourite affixed to him, on these considerations. If this be the real case, (and no Englishman for his

own credit will venture to contradict it) I shall then shew the impropriety of the present bustle about *favourites*, by instancing particularly in the three great men on whom prejudice, envy, or interest have fixed this name, and proving that, as a term of reproach, it cannot be applicable to either of them.

The DUKE OF NEWCASTLE, whose integrity was never yet called in question, whose heart was justified even by his enemies under a long and sometimes unsuccessful administration, can never be charged with this odious appellation. His services to the present royal family ran before his reward, and his strict attachment to his sovereign, his known and steady loyalty, his uniform and unshaken zeal, justly intitled him to those marks of preference which he afterwards received, and which can never be deemed the wanton vouchsafements of royal favour, but must be regarded, by every impartial considerer, as the just reward of his deserts, as the noble retributions of a grateful and generous prince to a subject truly affectionate and disinterested; disinterested in so eminent a degree, that to his enemies it is matter of triumph, though to his friends it shall never be the cause of shame. As his services before he had any share in the administration of affairs gave him a just claim to the places which he

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afterwards held, so his behaviour whilst he continued in them, intitled him to that honourable retirement in which he is now indulged.

Mr. PITT stands yet less liable to the charge of being a *favourite*; merit alone brought him into the ministry; merit alone kept him there till, happily for us, he had the superior merit of our countryman to combat with which was not to be withstood. If we consider rightly, it is impossible that Mr. PITT should ever have been a favourite, though his abilities were of such a nature as to make his assistance necessary. He came in upon an opposition; he had formed himself on a plan directly contrary to the humour of our late sovereign; he was determined to come into ministerial jobs; he spoke his mind freely on every occasion: when convinced, he was always ready to change his opinion and alter his measures, but had the impudence to expect conviction before he did it; he never was afraid to bring the voice of the people to the ear of his sovereign; he was of such unshaken secrecy, that during the whole course of his ministry he gave no opportunity to the most willing of discovering our designs to the enemy: he was of such unpardonable attention to business, that the most minute occurrences

in his department passed not without examination; he was such a bigot to the interests of the public, that no private connections whatever could induce him to prefer an undeserving person; he was of such unbounded ambition, that he raised the honour of the English name to a much greater height than any of his predecessors; he was so extravagantly opposite to the measures usually adopted on such occasions, that he was foolishly resolved not to give up in treaty what he had gained in war; he was so immoderate in his demands, that our enemies saw through them with a just indignation, and were convinced he would make *a bad peace, or none at all*; he was so jealous of his ministerial reputation, and so envious of those who should succeed him, that in order to prevent their doing of any thing, he left little or nothing for them to do. With these views against him, and nothing but some small share of success to back his own merit, it would be needless to observe, that he certainly never could justly be suspected of being a *favourite*.

As to the third person, his services are of such a nature, that—but lest I should be suspected of partiality I shall drop this point, and comply with the humour of the times, however contrary to my own, give some account of WILLIAM DE LA POLE, *earl of Suffolk*,

folk, and, for a time, *favourite* of queen MARGARET and HENRY the sixth.

That prince, now nineteen years old, had a very mean genius, and but little like his father's. He easily suffered himself to be governed by those about him. Instead of having the presumption common to young princes, he was distrustful of himself, and chose rather to follow the counsels of others than his own. With this weakness he had principles of honour, virtue, and religion, which indeed made him with he could always act justly, but often served for a foundation and pretence to his counsellors to draw him into many acts of injustice. As he wanted penetration, he was deceived with appearances. Of this his ministers knew how to take advantage, for they were convinced of his incapacity to discern their self-interested counsels.

Such being the disposition of the prince, it is natural to suppose that every intriguing statesman would endeavour to avail himself of it. Amongst these the earl of *Suffolk* was not the least active; and in order to establish his authority on the most lasting grounds, he hit upon a scheme which for a time answered his purpose, though in the end it proved his ruin. He knew HENRY was himself incapable of governing, and consequently his ministers must necessarily

be liable to envy, and bear the blame of what-
 ever was not agreeable to the people. In this
 belief, he fancied that the best way to support
 himself was to give the king a *wife*, and a wife
 of such a kind, who having no ground natu-
 rally to aspire to such a marriage, and being en-
 tirely indebted for it to the managers, might
 be always ready to support her benefactors.
 In this such a person he found in *Margaret*, daughter
 of a beggarly duke and titular king. Under
 her protection he for a time lorded it in the court,
 disposed of every thing at pleasure, maintained
 a greater state, and was more observed, than the
 king himself. The queen-mother, more mind-
 ful of her passions than dignity, and for-
 getful she had been the wife of the greatest
 prince in Europe, had lost her authority by
 catching herself to a private gentleman; and
 the old nobles, disgusted with the power of
Suffolk, had either left the court, or waited in
 silence for an opportunity to shew their hatred
 with effect against the reigning favourite. This
 occasion at last offered; and however dear *Suf-*
olk was to the king, however dear he was on
 several accounts to the queen, however deter-
 mined they might seem, and had often declared
 themselves to maintain him at all events, let
 the consequences be what they would, they
 were at last obliged to give him up to the re-

sentment of an exasperated people, and found by experience how weak such resolutions are, when they are opposed by the people with equal resolution.

Numb. IX. Saturday, July 31, 1762.

Destroy his fib, or sophistry, in vain,
The Creature's at his dirty work again.

POPE,

I HAVE a considerable arrear to settle with the BRITON. My first view was to administer *a weekly antidote to the weekly poison of this writer*; but I found him so low in the opinion of the public, that little was to be feared even from the most daring falsehoods of such a man. He seems impregnable to the force of argument. I shall therefore try what impression facts may be capable of making on him. Stupidity may not apprehend, or sophistry may sometimes seem to elude the strongest reasonings; but the evidence of facts is irresistible.

The *plan of attacking the French in America* he asserts, *was ADOPTED as a national maxim self-evident, before Mr. PITT, or any one of his emissaries was born.* How comes it then that this plan was entirely over-looked by the ministry here during the course of the late war

and at the commencement of the present was pursued with a faintness almost equal to a total disregard, till Mr. PITT was in power and gave it a life and vigour? Why has Mr. PITT, for his attention to the *America* system, been so often ridiculed as *America-mad*? To retort an expression of his own; *what a genius is this at cross-purposes?*

The BRITON is not satisfied with this, but in the fulness of his folly, thinks to glorify his folly by ascribing to him the honour resulting from the conquest of *Martinique*. This (to adopt another of his phrases) is begging, or rather stealing, honour for his patron with a witless. In proof of my assertion, I need only observe, that his majesty's ship the *Alcide*, with the transports designed to take on board the troops in America, under the command of general MONKTON, sailed from Portsmouth on the 4th of August, and arrived at New-York on the 15th of October, 1761; and that admiral RODNEY, who was to co-operate with general MONKTON in the enterprize against *Martinique*, set sail from St. Helen's on the 10th of October, only twelve days after Mr. PITT's resignation, and but eight days after the appointment of his successor in office, whence it irrefragably appears, that not only the honour of inventing the plan, but of proportioning

tioning the means to the desired success, of equipping the armament with vigour and expedition, and of sending it out at a proper season under the conduct of officers of approved abilities, is entirely due to Mr. PITT; and that all which can be fairly ascribed to the new managers is the mere secondary merit of not countermanding an expedition of the highest national importance. Will the BRITON dare to deny these facts? If he cannot, but is forced to admit them, then he stands at the bar of the public convicted of the most shameful falshood. Blush, BRITON, blush, but let your patrons too share the infamy of prompting and abetting to the world such known prostitution of truth and justice. Perhaps on this occasion it might be too much to assert, that all the honour the new ministry are likely to acquire, will be greater or less, in proportion as they shall either pursue or depart from the written reasons of the 18th of September.

How inconsistent is this weak BRITON! To what means shifts and gross contradictions has he been driven! In his fifth number he claims for the present ministry the greatest honour from the conquest of *Martinique*; and in the sixth he says, *among the other evil consequences of the war, I might reckon our extraordinary success*. I believe this is the first time that extraordinary success has been reckoned among the evil conse-

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quences of a war. By a parity of reason, I suppose he reckons the infamous loss of *Newfoundland*, and the late disgrace on the coast of *France*, among the *good consequences* of our affairs being trusted in such hands. What a total subversion of all just ideas must there be in this writer's head! These are absurdities reserved for the goose-quills of the modern ministerial hirelings: this is the ridiculous cant which the poorest of all the weekly writers is taught by his patrons. If *success* however be indeed so *evil a consequence*, the want of it is surely to be esteemed a *good* one; and if we are to lament our *successes*, because they are *evil consequences*, we must rejoice over our *losses*, as *good consequences*. I suppose, therefore, he and his friends must be pleased with what has given every true Briton the deepest concern, the loss of *Newfoundland*, whose infinite importance every merchant, every seaman, almost every Englishman, knows. — Our *conquests*, he says, were *obstacles to a* peace; so particularly was the affair of *Newfoundland*: and the late negociation with the court of *France*, as well as the disputes with the court of *Spain* on this great point, during the *six years negociation*, are well remembered. I hope there has been no *collusion*! *Spain* only demanded a *part*: *France* has now seized the whole. But why were no ships stationed to protect

fect an object of such national importance? Is all our intelligence of the motions of the French at an end? Are their fleets no longer watched? Where is that great and good genius to *England* that superintended the British state; and while he gave security to our old possessions, made such noble additions to our empire? I hope that *Newfoundland* too is not considered as an *obstacle*, as well as our *conquests*, which must be removed to smoothe the way to a peace: if it is, I know what kind of peace we are to expect. God forbid that the *uti possidetis* should now ever be mentioned as the terms of peace, while *Newfoundland* is in the hands of our enemies. Surely the loss of the whole was not *connived* at, that the part which has been claimed may with more decency be given up hereafter. It is clear to a demonstration there has been no attention given to an object which demanded the utmost a ministry could give. Ought such an administration to be trusted by either prince or people? The noblest fleet England ever had is found, in the hands of a weak ministry, insufficient for the protection of our most important settlements. How is all security gone from us! How do our enemies, who so lately desponded, now exult from such successes; almost immediate on our change of councils! How are their spirits revived! Let us examine the ideas

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of the late ministry on this head. In an extract of the only letter of Mr. Pitt's which the public was trusted with, among the *papers relative to the rupture with Spain*, published by authority, are the following words, which I wish were wrote in letters of gold under lord Bute's picture in the royal apartment at St. James's: *You will again on this occasion let Mr. Wall clearly understand that this is a matter held sacred, and that no concession on the part of his majesty, so destructive to this true and capital interest of Great Britain, will be yielded to Spain, however abetted and supported.* And it was in relation to this great object Mr. Pitt made use of that remarkable expression to the proud Spaniard, *that he would not relax any thing till the Tower of London was taken sword in hand.* Mr. Pitt would neither suffer it to be yielded to Spain, nor taken by France. Is this the *vigour* and *success* of the new *North British* administration? These are the first bitter fruits from the *North*.

What is to follow? Will the question be now asked, *What has the new ministry, or rather what has the new minister done?* He has already lost *Newfoundland*, and is inexcusable in that loss; for every thing asked from parliament to strengthen his hands was granted with cheerfulness and unanimity. Now indeed is he well paired with his colleagues, the few wretched

wretched *English* who have joined him. These lost us *Minorca*, the *Scot* lost *Newfoundland*. What dreadful events are to succeed! Is the British empire to moulder away? But I hope a most gracious prince, in compliance with the wishes of a whole people, will, before it is too late, deprive a set of men (unfavoured by heaven and despised on earth) of the power they have thus infamously abused.

The BRITON proceeds in his usual absurd way. In one page he tells us of the *injudicious manner in which the war has been carried on*; and in the next he says, *Our motive for engaging in this war was to defend and secure our colonies in North America. This end is fully, at least in a great measure, accomplished by the entire conquest of Canada, Acadia, and Cape Breton.* Who made those conquests? Has the war then been carried on in so *injudicious a manner*, when the end is so fully, at least in a great measure, accomplished? Again he says, *This is the more dangerous, as it is unlimited: one conquest will suggest another, and we shall dance after this ignis fatuus of glory until we are weakened, exhausted, and unable to proceed.* Are not the new ministry proceeding? Are they not, at this hour, attempting to add another conquest to all the former? Does not every friend to his country burn with impatience for the glorious news of

the

the blow we all hope is already struck to the heart of Spain? If we have already conquered too much, as he says, why go on in the same mistaken course? Why add more *obstacles to a peace*? For such he calls our *conquests*. But will even *he* say the taking of the *Havannah* will be an obstacle to a peace with Spain? How would a sensible foreigner despise the wretched cant of these advocates of the present minister?

Such is the letter of the *Briton* to the Earl of Bute: a letter, fit to be addressed only to, and to be read only by, his lordship. One remarkable particular I had forgot; the *Briton* gives himself out as a martyr to the *good* (he will not *now* say *glorious*) cause: but he expects his full reward here. He begins his letter, *As I have suffered in your cause*, (I wish to know how, except in reputation) *I think myself in measure intitled to*—and these first words of the letter are well explained by the last---*the darling hope and ESTABLISHED expectation of the Briton*, which are plainly a pension, and an establishment on this side the *Tweed*.

One word I must remark on the stile of this writer. In his last number but one, speaking of the late rebellion, he says, *the insurgents*—*had defeated a body of regular forces*. How tenderly a true Scotsman speaks of rebellion! Is he

he afraid of wounding a father, uncle, or brother? An Englishman would have wrote, *the rebels had defeated a body of king's forces*: but *rebels* are only *insurgents* in Scotland, and the *king's troops* are only *regular forces*! The other phrase had acknowledged a right in our sovereign, not quite so willingly owned by all his subjects in the north of this island.

In the Gazetteer, of last Saturday, are the following lines, which are a noble specimen of *North British logic*:

To the PRINTER.

SIR,

I am *authorised* to fend you the following article, to be printed in your paper as soon as possible.

“That the public may not be imposed upon,
 “and imagine the *taking* of Newfoundland
 “was done by the consent of our ministry, we
 “are assured that four men of war of the line
 “and some frigates are going to sail immediately from Portsmouth to *retake* the said
 “place.”—A most conclusive argument that *Newfoundland* was not *taken* by consent of our ministry, because, from the just clamour of an enraged people, four men of war and some frigates *are to be sent to retake* it! I suspect that my friend the BRITON is this *authorised* state

writer,

writer, from the reasoning, and the phrase of *he taking being done*, which is such reasoning and English as he usually deals out to us on Saturdays.

How entirely will this article wipe away all the ill-grounded suspicion of mankind!

Numb. X. Saturday, August 7, 1762.

PRO ARIS, & focis.

For GOD and country.

TO THE NORTH BRITON.

SIR,

AMONGST the many great and daring steps lately taken to raise us from obscurity, and invest us with that power and influence which we have long aspired to, but never could obtain till this happy period, when merit carries every thing before it, I am amazed that one, which in itself would be glorious, and would also give a lustre to, and ensure the continuance of, all our other acquisitions, hath so long escaped the active and discerning spirit of our countrymen; I mean the *interests* of the *Presbyters*. In vain do we promise ourselves
a con-

a continuance of power in the *state*, unless we can find means to establish a superiority in the *church*. The clergy of *England* will naturally be jealous of our growing greatness; and the influence which they have over the minds of the populace, when considerations of interest get the better of their indolence, and demand the exertion of their strength, is too evident and well deserves our most serious attention. From their intrigues, as soon as they enter into the real spirit of our designs, we must expect much trouble, and an opposition not to be despised. As resolute men, we ought not to be discouraged by this approaching storm, but as prudent men we ought, if possible, to prevent or break the force of it; nor doth any other method of doing this occur to me, but the levelling one great stroke immediately at the root of all their influence and power. Could we once see, what we have often wished for in vain, *Presbytery* established on the ruins of *Episcopacy*, what good things might we not promise to ourselves! What evil things might we not have it in our power to denounce against our enemies! Then should they feel the weight of our resentment, and find to their cost *what spirit we are of*; then might we look at it with security, and, the terrors of the church co-operating with the secular arm, our power

would be *universal, absolute, and perpetual*. The precise method of bringing about this great event I cannot take upon me to determine. I leave it to those who have already accomplished things of greater difficulty; but the necessity of its being effected, in order to establish us for ever in *England*, I must positively assert. When once it is happily brought to pass, I would humbly hope, in order to give *the spirit of our profession its true and full force*, that the *Act of toleration* might be immediately repealed.

I am, SIR, your's sincerely,

PRESBYTER.

THOUGH I cannot but commend the zeal and approve the sentiments of my correspondent, yet I must think his vehemence sets the better of his judgment, and hurries him on at such a rate, as would retard, if not overthrow, the designs he is so forward to promote. Every *true Scot* is undoubtedly of his opinion; he must see the very great importance of this point, and in justice both to himself and country must burn for the accomplishment of it; but discretion steps in, and teaches us to consider this event as placed at a great distance, surrounded with difficulties, and to be brought to pass by slow degrees. Our great patron

himself, whose thoughts are always at work for

our good, hath, I will not doubt, had this important object often in his view, though prudence, and not inattention, as my correspondent imagines, hath as yet restrained him from taking any open steps towards the obtaining it. Much greater caution is requisite to bring about changes in a church than in a state. The ecclesiastics are an artful, subtle, and powerful body in all countries: their eyes, however directed to other things, are remarkably quick to every thing which concerns their own interests: they are generally proud, revengeful, and implacable: and yet most of them have the art to throw a veil over their evil qualities, and establish an interest in the opinions of the people. History will supply us with numberless instances of their capacity for mischief, and their success in it. Most of the revolutions in Europe have been chiefly owing to the intrigues of churchmen; and from the unaccountable accounts of a late unaccountable revolution* in the North we may at least gather thus much, that it is safer to take off the head of a layman, than to wag a finger against the beard of a priest. Great caution therefore is requisite on our side, and I hope my countrymen will always observe it, and never let this grand point be out of our

* The dethroning the late Czar, Peter III.

though

thoughts, but let discretion mark the several steps by which we make our way towards it.

It has been asserted, that as religion in *England* is at so low an ebb, and the difference between the *English* and *Scottish* church consists only in mere form, this alteration might be effected with much ease. Those who maintain this will do well to consider, that where religion prevails in its true and genuine spirit, forms are looked on with an eye of indifference; but in a nation where the true spirit of religion is lost, and nothing but forms remain, there they are considered with the greatest respect, and assume an essentiality which in themselves they have not. Besides, will they tell us that the dignities and lucrative preferments of the church are mere forms? These are not insubstantial phantoms; these certainly have an essence. Nor can we suppose that what hath been obtained at the expense of every free and manly sentiment, shall afterwards be given up by the possessors tamely, and without opposition. *Talk against religion, cry morality, openly attack scripture, corrupt the practice, unsettle the faith of mankind, naturalize the Jews, confound marriages*—still every thing well, all is safe and quiet.—But if you would destroy, or lessen the rights of churchmen, if you would controvert their claims, supplant them

them in their preferments, and make encroachments on their power, then must you expect a general cry, the whole spiritual body will be up in arms, the thunders of the church will be levelled against you, and the populace must be taught that religion is struck at, and the church in danger. Safer indeed will our nation always find it to attack a *Saviour* than a *surplice*, to raze out the *four evangelists*, than to shew an inclination for plucking *one spiritual ear of English corn*.

Notwithstanding these obstacles, which we may expect to meet with from the English clergy, I would not have the design relinquished. Let difficulties do their proper work—add a spur to our resolution and diligence, and confirm our prudence; for by that, and that only, can we hope to succeed. Moderation is our present business, the best answer to the objection of our enemies, and the only way of getting them into our power, and of making them feel the weight of our resentment, where it is our interest to shew it. In order to pave the way to this desirable event, and to lessen the clamour, when it shall happen, I would commend it to my countrymen, who have a *Presbyterian* interest at heart, to enter immediately into the church of *England*, and to order—*They will be sure of all the best pres*

ments; and when the change we so much desire is effected, they may be good and true *Presbyterians* again. Their being in the church will lessen the weight of the *English clergy*, and their return to us will give a fresh addition of strength to our party. As to the charge of *disimulation* or *hypocrisy*, which may maliciously be brought against them, they will stand excused by the cause for which they acted. If this was not the case, and if the good of the country and countrymen was not a sufficient excuse for *battery*, *lying*, *perjury*, *perfidy*, *treason*, and *rebellion*, what must become of every *true Scot*?

As to the repeal of the *act of toleration* proposed by my correspondent, it must certainly take place, but not at the time he mentions. Should we defer it till the completion of this great event, we shall lay ourselves open to the reproaches of our adversaries, and be asked, how we can deny that indulgence to others, which we have so strongly pleaded for, and happily enjoyed ourselves? A question this not to be answered, and therefore we must take care that it shall not be asked. Let the *act of toleration* then for this reason be repealed some little time before the abolishment of *episcopacy*, and we may with a *good grace* afterwards lay before the good people of *England* the terrors of the Lord.

The whole of what I have here said, may perhaps be deemed chimerical—Think for still—May security be your ruin—The event will shew who was right. Something relative to this point our *arch enemy* SWIFT has observed, and I hope in the spirit of prophecy; it was feared in his time, and may be accomplished in ours.—Take his own words :

“ We observe the *Scots* in our northern parts
 “ to be a brave, industrious people, extremely
 “ devoted to their religion, and full of an
 “ *undisturbed* affection towards each other.
 “ Numbers of that noble nation, invited by the
 “ fertilities of soil, are glad to exchange their
 “ barren hills of *Loquabar*, by a voyage of
 “ three hours, for our fruitful vales of *Down*
 “ and *Antrim*, so productive of *that grain*,
 “ which at little trouble and less expence finds
 “ diet and lodging for themselves and their cat-
 “ tle. These people by their extreme pars-
 “ mony, wonderful *dexterity in dealing*, and
 “ firm adherence to one another, soon grow
 “ into wealth from the *smallest beginnings*, ne-
 “ ver are rooted out where they once fix
 “ and increase daily by new supplies. Besides
 “ when they are the superior number in any
 “ tract of ground, they are not *over-patient*
 “ *mixture*; but such whom they cannot *assim-*
 “ *ilate*, soon find it their interest to remove

“ I have

"I have done all in my power on some land
 "of my own to preserve two or three *English*
 "fellows in their neighbourhood, but found it
 "impossible, though one of them thought he
 "had sufficiently made his court by turning
 "*Presbyterian*. Add to all this, that they
 "bring along with them from *Scotland* a most
 "formidable notion of our church, which they
 "look upon at least three degrees worse than
 "popery; and it is natural it should be so,
 "since they come over full fraught with that
 "spirit which taught them to abolish *episco-*
 "*pacy* at home."

After some very impertinent observations re-
 lative to the repeal of the Test, the Dean
 says, "I do not see how it can be otherwise,
 "considering their ignorance and our supine-
 "ness, but they may in a very few years
 "grow to a majority in the House of Com-
 "mons, and consequently make themselves
 "the national religion, and have a fair pre-
 "tence to demand the revenues of the church
 "for their teachers. I know it will be ob-
 "jected, that if all this should happen as I
 "describe, yet the *Presbyterian* religion could
 "never be made the national by act of Parlia-
 "ment, because our bishops are so great a
 "number in the House of Lords, and with-
 "out a majority there the church could not

“ be abolished. But I have *two very good ex-*
 “ *pedients* for that, which I leave you to guess,
 “ and I dare swear our Speaker here has often
 “ thought on, especially having endeavoured at
 “ *one of them* so lately. That this design is
 “ not so foreign from *some people’s* thoughts,
 “ I must let you know that an honest bell-
 “ *weather* of our house (you have him now
 “ in *England*, I wish you could keep him
 “ there) had the impudence some years ago in
 “ Parliament-time, to shake my Lord Bishop
 “ of *Killaloo* by his lawn sleeve, and tell him
 “ in a threatening manner—*That he hoped to*
 “ *live to see the day when there should not be one*
 “ *of his order in the kingdom.*” Letter concern-
 ing the Sacramental Test.

Numb. XI. Saturday, August 14, 1762.

Neque solum quid istum audire, veram etiam quid me deceat
dicere, considerabo.

Nor shall I consider only what it may be proper for Him to
hear, but also what it may become Me to say.

I HAVE found it by far the most disa-
 greeable circumstance attending this poli-
 tical warfare, that I am obliged weekly to wade
 through

through all the dirt and filth of some cotemporary writers, whose natural propensity seems now only to have gained its true bias. Every thing appears to flow in its proper foul channel with them. *Faction* and *Falshood* are the two main pillars of their political state. One of them even glories in his *invention*. I hoped to have been excused from reading any of my fellow-labourers, except the BRITON, who has proved to me a fine drowsy opiate after my Saturday's vespers. For my sins I undertook the penance of his company, and I fear have too often been benumbed by the touch of this torpedo; but the AUDITOR has of late taken so much obliging notice of me, that I must, from literary politeness, make him too some returns. I will however (according to the sage advice of Tully in my motto) *consider not only what is fit for him to hear, but for me to say*.

I am rather hardly dealt with by him. He accuses me of *poverty of invention*. Surely this is unreasonable, to expect that *invention* in my *prose*, which is not to be found in his *verse*. He says, "he threw out a hint, that I might copy the plan of *news for one hundred years hence*, which the reader may remember was published some years since against the Jew Bill." The reader may likewise remember that there was published, at the beginning
of

of this century, Swift's *predictions for the year 1708*, of which the other (notwithstanding his impudent pretensions to originality) is but a tame imitation. The truth is; *Swift* is the *father* of all political *humour*; the *AUDITOR* and I follow *non equis passibus*. I thank him however for giving me the true key to the knowledge of the author of that paper, by his doating on the child, and his still remembering what every body else had forgot, an old paper of *news for one hundred years hence*; a paper, I own, of a little easy humour; but he is proud of it, because it is in the highest manner of such a *Flemish painter*, finished *con amore*. I am sorry that sprightly running is over, and that he is now drawn down to the foulest dregs of political controversy. In the same page he talks of *plagiarism*, and borrows almost every line from *Pope* and *Swift*. I am not hurt by this. I wish most heartily that he would steal more largely from both. It will be more of them; it will be less of him; more of them, and less of himself will be as agreeable to the public as to me. I beg he would tell me, whence he stole the idea of a *second-sighted Scotsman*, that I may justify myself against my own countrymen, who abuse me for having, as they say, hit the true point of ridicule against our nation.

because there is no other which makes so silly a pretension.

But is indeed *invention* the great talent of a political writer? I have always thought otherwise, and, knowing where my strength lay, have ever stated *facts* and *dates* in all historical occurrences, and have constantly left the glory of *invention* to the AUDITOR and the BRITON. Such great things were atchieved during the late administration, that *invention* would lag behind; and were the AUDITOR a poet of the noblest imagination, instead of only *measuring out a mongrel kind of tinkling prose*, without fire or fancy, he would not have dared to have *feigned* half the heroic acts of the English, for the last six years, under Mr. PITT's auspices. But let him keep his *invention* for his next panegyric on Lord BUTE. There will be the fullest hope, there will be the most real necessity for it. But I fear even that his genius will fail him; for he has not been able to *invent* one decent excuse for the shameful neglect of the important object of Newfoundland. He says, *perhaps no blame ought with propriety to be charged on any man: he has precisely the same ideas of the loss of Minorca; but the nation has not, and does not charge the highest blame on his patrons.* He adds, *were Lord ANSON alive to answer for himself, some reasons*

reasons would perhaps be assigned, &c. and for because *Lord Anson* is not *alive* to answer for himself, he is to be called from the *dead* to answer for himself, and LORD BUTE too. But who has accused *Lord Anson*, or libelled his *memory*? I honour the AUDITOR for this happy *invention* (which I believe is his own) of appealing to the *dead*: there he is safe from detection, and may make the appeal as strong, and as circumstantial, as he pleases. But has he no *living witness*? Does not this give the strongest suspicion, that, were *Lord Anson* *alive*, he would not then venture to make the appeal?

He says, *during the whole war, Newfoundland never had any particular appointment for its protection, except the two men of war to convey the trade.* I affirm, that every care possible was taken of *Newfoundland* and the utmost attention given to its preservation through the whole war, and that it was never lost sight of during all the late negotiations; of which there is the fullest written evidence. The French knew this so well, that no attempt was ever made during the vigilance of the late administration. Their fleets were too narrowly watched; their destination too well known. A superior force was ever ready for the safety of the country, and all her colonies. Had the first

minister

minister given half the attention to this truly British concern, which he did to increase domestic feuds and contentions among the English; had he set himself (as he ought to have done) to acquire intelligence of what our restless enemies, the French, were meditating, with half the industry he did (as he ought not to have done) to what was transacting at the Treasury before he had any right to command there, he might, beyond all doubt, have frustrated the attempt on *Newfoundland*. I believe too, that knowledge might have been acquired to the full *in as fair and honourable a way as the other was*. He might surely have prevented the French seizing with the wretched remains of their marine (almost annihilated in the course of the last six years) what they could not succeed in under the late ministry, while their navy was so formidable. But we find that *weak and feeble* efforts command success against a *weak and feeble* ministry: and our ancient enemy, when *expiring*, can do more, watched with a pitiful opponent, than when *in full vigour*, with one wise and spirited.

The AUDITOR goes on; *how unlucky is it--- that Thurot landed in Ireland during Mr. PITT's ministry, and that he is not actually at Carrickfergus this day!* It is true, *Thurot* did land in Ireland during Mr. PITT's ministry; but it is no less

less true, that Mr. PITT gave us the most compendious and complete Gazette I ever read, of the consequences of that attempt, the destruction of every single vessel belonging to that squadron. The squadron which attempted and seized *Newfoundland* during Lord BUTE's ministry, is still in being, triumphant, and perhaps ready to attack *Carrickfergus*. Let us have just such a Gazette from Lord BUTE. But we are told the ships *are to sail* to attack the French, and to recover *Newfoundland*. The mischiefs which may ensue long before ships from Portsmouth can reach the new world, are scarcely to be imagined, and too shocking to dwell upon even in idea. What a dreadful interval! How big with horror and death! Before, all was security and ease; now, an universal dejection and dread of futurity prevails.

The AUDITOR proceeds very pertly; *Now tell me, Faction, were there any ships stationed at Newfoundland at that time?* The answer is full, clear, and ready; there were ships stationed there, and in all parts, to watch the whole French fleet; and no sooner did any escape from their harbours, but the most immediate intelligence was given, and all their hopes blasted. *M. de la Clue* in an important business, *Thurot* in a less, are the demonstrative proofs. The consequence was, the effectual

in of the enterprize, perhaps a total destruction, as in the affair of *Thurot*; the mention of which is no instance of the AUDITOR's capacity.

The AUDITOR says, that I have cited a *magnant paragraph from the Gazetteer, and a writer from his king and country is declared to be the author of it. Now if this hireling can prevail on the noble lord his patron to advance the money, and give security that it shall not be recovered under any of the gaming statutes, I will venture a wager that he forged that very paragraph himself.* In answer to this, I will do the NORTH BRITON the justice to say, that he is untainted with the vice of gaming, the loss of which possesses the AUDITOR so strongly, that by another happy invention of his own, he endeavours to introduce it even among poor authors. This infectious vice, I suspect, remains to him from his old patron. The NORTH BRITON can declare he never received an obligation from any great man, but what flowed, in the common occurrences of life, from the mutual tie of a reciprocal private friendship. He is happy with what he has a right to enjoy. He is superior to all gain, and despises the sharing with a backneyed hireling, the weekly wages of the constitution of his pen. The AUDITOR earns them dearly: *ill-got* as they are he shall every

Saturday

Saturday night receive them intire from me, and if they are *brought to waste*, it will be by their being spent in as profligate a manner as they are earned. To annihilate suspicion, I appeal to Mr. *Say*, the printer of the *Gazette*. I could wish he would tell the world (and I call upon him to do it) from whom he received that absurd paragraph, which the writer declared in the letter he was *authorised* to send him.

As to the AUDITOR's miserable conceit of *person* and *parson*, I must tell him that it is too poor, and only fit for the BRITON. I will whisper him too, that he is totally mistaken and that the gentleman he means to abuse does not merit that abuse, though he despises it. The AUDITOR (for he has some taste) is, I am sure, conscious, how much the literary world is indebted to that *manly genius* * for some of the most noble productions of our age and language, which will live and be admired by posterity, after all our short-lived political offspring have perished, and this perhaps may be with the same sun which saw them rise.

I have only *two* words to settle with the BRITON this week. They are *glorification* and *vouchsafement*. He says, that *I have twice twice*

* Mr. Charles Churchill.

ed him in the teeth (a most elegant phrase) with the word *GLORIFICATION* printed in Italics. He affirms that it is an *English* word, to be found in all the common *dictionaries*, and to be met with more than once in *Scripture*. I never denied that it was an *English* word, but I ridiculed it as a *cant* word of the illiberal and illiterate *Scottish Presbyterians*; and it found favour among their long-winded divines, only because it was so long, and mouthed so well. I will say, however, that I have not met with it in *Scripture*, and I am satisfied that he cannot name one text where it is to be found.

Now for *vouchsafement*. He says, *I could wish he would settle the authenticity of the word VOUCHSAFEMENTS, used as a substantive, a word which I do not remember to have seen in any dictionary or writer of reputation*. What so ignorant a fellow has seen, I do not know; but I know he may see word *vouchsafement*, as a substantive too, in *Johnson's English Dictionary*, and the great *Boyle* quoted as the authority for it. I hope *Johnson* is a *writer of reputation*, because as a writer he has just got a pension of 300l. *per ann*. I hope too that he is become a friend to this constitution and the family on the throne, now he is thus nobly provided for: but I know he has much to *unwrite*, more to *unsay*, before he will be for-

given by the true friends of the present illustrious family, for what he has been *writing* and *saying* for many years. As to the *Briton*, he is so ignorant and foolish, I shall for the future *vouchsafe* him a very small share of my attention; for as every body has left off *reading*, it is high time that I should leave off *answering him*.

Numb. XII. Saturday, August 12, 1762.

Pensions, which reason to the worthy gave,
Add fresh dishonour to the fool and knave.

ANON.

TO THE NORTH BRITON.

SIR,

I DO not know in any controversy so sure a method of coming at truth, which is always the pretence, though so seldom the real object of modern enquiries, as a just and strict definition of all the words and phrases of any importance, which are afterwards to be in use. This practice is universal, excepting only in *theological* and *political* controversy. If I take up a book of mathematics, the writer defines in the very first page, what a *triangle*, a *circle*

a *trapezium* is; and then argues closely from the precise and accurate ideas of each, which the author and reader have previously settled. The book of fortification as regularly sets out with explaining to me what a *bastion*, a *demi-bastion*, or a *hornwork* is. I have read much religious controversy; for, unhappily, there is little agreement between the ministers of the Gospel, as between the ministers of state. I do not, however, remember to have found in any of our divines a satisfactory definition of *faith*, *free-will*, or *predestination*. We are not yet arrived at the same accuracy, with respect to the meaning of these words, as of a *circle* or a *square*. The same remark will hold true in political controversy. Who has with any precision defined the words *faction* or *patriot*? The word *favourite* alone we have of late pretty fully understood the force of, both from the definitions of the *MONITOR* and of the *NORTH BRITON*: yet give me leave to say, Sir, that neither of you have reached the force and closeness of expression in the great lexicographer, SAMUEL JOHNSON, who defines a *favourite* to be a *mean wretch, whose whole business is by any means to please*. But whether the word has been well understood or not, in former periods of the English history, the effect of it has been very fully felt, even at this hour it is never uttered with-

out the most unjust passion and ill-founded resentment, as if the nation was now smarting from the sad consequences of its reality, and exertion in pride and insolence.

The word *pension* likewise has of late much puzzled our politicians. I do not recollect that any one of them has ventured at a definition of it. Mr. *Johnson*, as he is now a *pensioner*, one should naturally have recourse to, for the truest literary information on this subject. His definition then of a *pension* is, *an allowance made to any one without an equivalent. In England it is generally understood to mean pay given to a state hireling for treason to his country.* And under the word *pensioner* we read, 1. *One who is supported by an allowance paid at the will of another: a dependant.* 2. *A slave of state, hired by a stipend to obey his master.* But with submission to this great prodigy of learning, I should think both definitions very erroneous. Is the said Mr. *Johnson* a dependant? Or is he a slave of state hired by a stipend to obey his master? There is according to him, no alternative. Is his *pension*, understood to be pay given him as state hireling for treason to his country? Whoever gave it him, must then have read *London*, a Poem, &c. &c. and must have mistaken all his *distant hints* and *dark allusions*. As Mr. *Johnson* therefore has, I think, failed in this account, may

I, after so great an authority, venture at a short definition of so intricate a word? A *pension* then I would call *a gratuity during the pleasure of the Prince for services performed, or expected to be performed, to himself or to the state.* Let us consider the celebrated Mr. *Johnson*, and a few other late pensioners, in this light.

Mr. *Johnson's* many writings in the cause of liberty, his steady attachment to the present Royal Family, his gentleman-like compliments to his Majesty's grandfather, and his decent treatment of the parliament, intitle him to a share of the royal bounty. It is a matter of astonishment that *no notice* has till now been taken of him by government for some of the most extraordinary productions, which appeared with the name of *Samuel Johnson*; a name sacred to *George and Liberty*. No man, who has read only one poem of his, *London*, but must congratulate the good sense and discerning spirit of the minister, who bestows such a part of the public treasure on this distinguished friend of the public, of his master's family, and of the constitution of this country. The rewards are now most judiciously given to those who have supported, not to those who have all their lives written with bitterness, and harangued with virulence, against the government. With due deference to the first minister's discern-

ment, I rather think that Mr. *Johnson* (as merited of this kind must now be rewarded) might have been better provided for in another way: I mean at the board of *Excise*. I am desirous of seeing him one of the *commissioners*, if not at the head of that board, that the gentlemen there may cease to be *wretches hired by those to whom excise is paid*. His definition of *excise* is, that it is a *hateful tax levied upon commodities, and adjudged not by the common judges of property, but wretches hired by those to whom excise is paid*. Is the *excise* still on the same footing? I wish to know who *hires* these *wretches*, the *commissioners of excise*. Mr. *Johnson* says, *those to whom excise is paid*! If that is indeed the case, I am not at a loss to find out *to whom excise is paid*, nor who of consequence, in Mr. *Johnson's* idea, *hires these wretches*.

These are fair extracts from the celebrated *English Dictionary*, which was presented by a noble lord in such pomp to the academy della *Crusca*. It will give the country of the old Romans the justest idea of English liberty and of the present patrons of it amongst us who have so illiberally rewarded the authors. The *literati of Italy* will not only find an excellent *literary dictionary*, but a compleat system of English politics and history, worthy of this renowned nation, for every thing is recorded in the

the manly style of old *Rome*. As we have had our tyrants as well as they, a Roman spirit has arose against them here, and, as it ever will, has bore down all before it. The expulsion of the *Tarquins* is not told by any old Roman historian in more animated language, and more glowing words, than the expulsion of the inveterate enemies of liberty, the whole race of the *Stuarts*. Mr. Johnson says, the *Revolution* is the change produced by the admission of King *William and Queen Mary*. What noble words! What a bold glowing expression! I should not have dwelt so long upon Mr. Johnson's literary merit, if I did not believe that his writings had done more real service to the family on the throne, than any man's—excepting only Mr. *Secretary Murray's*;—another sacred name to *George and Liberty*.

I most heartily beg lord LITCHFIELD's pardon. I have been so used to find him at the head of the country party, and the Oxfordshire Old Interest, that I did not expect, under a prince of the house of *Brunswick*, to have seen him at the head of the *pensioners*. I ought to have paid my first compliments to his lordship. He is at the head of the *pensioners*, and at length walks in the sunshine of court favour, from having in the most critical times distinguished himself as a warm friend of the house of *Ha-*

nover When the whole nation rose up, like one man, in defence of their sovereign and their liberties, lord LITCHFIELD stood forth among the most zealous, and put himself at the head of *amazing* numbers of true freemen of the Old Interest in Oxfordshire. I hope that ever-memorable year 1746 will never be forgot. In that perilous year the family on the throne saw who were their real friends, and undoubtedly have profited by an experience so happily made. Read over the list of those generous *associators*, who formed a *sacred band* for the defence of all that ought to be dear to an Englishman: there you will find the name of the earl of LITCHFIELD. Every man in Oxfordshire will tell you, how nobly he exerted himself, when Hannibal was at our gates; what real strength the nation derived from his great and spirited efforts; what *sums* he *subscribed*; what immense expences he bore with cheerfulness, to encourage *his* friends to the straining of every nerve against *his* and our common enemy. I do not indeed recollect that he raised any regiment, though many others of the nobility did; but I readily comprehend why he did not. The administration were at that time so over-run with gross prejudices, that they thought his lordship, and those friends of his, could not be trusted. The

present ministry think more justly; and should such another day come, I am satisfied they will be found as zealous in the cause of their country as before. It is plain then, that lord LITCHFIELD is at the head of the Pensioners on account of real services performed in times of real danger.

I think that I am right in declaring that a *pension* may not only be given for *services actually performed*, but likewise for *services expected to be performed*. This I take to be the case of the *pensions* generally given to the *sixteen peers*, who represent the whole nobility of *Scotland*. I am far from meaning that they are the only *sixteen Scottish peers* who enjoy *pensions*. I speak of them now, as having votes in the house of Lords, from their being representatives of all the rest. *Pensions* have commonly been given to them for the services they *are* to perform to their country there, and to give them the true basis, which they might otherwise mistake. When Lord BUTE was in a former Parliament one of the sixteen *Scottish Peers*, he actually enjoyed a *pension* on this truly honourable footing, and therefore *he* has the fairest right to the title of *Grand Pensionary*.

In this more liberal construction of the word *pension*, I should imagine the *Lords of the Bedchamber* in general were included. I take this
to

to be the true reason of the increase of their number in the present reign from *twelve* to *eighteen*; which is still kept filled up. This is by no means want of *æconomy*, that darling attribute of modern statesmen! It is done that so many noble persons may be ready to perform in parliament any services which their country calls for, and is thus in reality only a *more honourable pension*.

I beg to be understood. Not only real services in parliament, but every species of elegance and refinement in the polite arts may, I think, without censure, be rewarded with a *pension*. A politeness equal to that of lord TALBOT's—*horse* ought not to pass unnoticed. At the coronation he paid a new, and, for a *horse*, singular respect to his sovereign. I appeal to applauding multitudes, who were so charmed, as to forget every rule of decency, and to *clap* even in the *Royal* presence, whether *his*, or his *lord's* dexterity on that day did not surpass any courtier's. Caligula's *horse* had not half the merit. We remember how nobly *he* was provided for. What the exact proportion of merit was between his *lordship* and his *horse*, and how far the pension should be divided between them, I will not take upon me to determine. I leave this knotty point to be decided by the earl of *Eglington*, because Mr.

John Hume, alias *Home* (for so it is printed in the new sweet nosegay of *Scottish thistles*) tells the world, vol. ii. p. 230, that he is

“ A friend of princes, poets, wits,

“ A judge infallible of *TITS*.”

In my private opinion, however, the merit of *both* was very great, and neither ought to pass unnoticed. The impartial and inimitable pen of *Cervantes* has made *Rozinante* immortal as well as *Don Quixote*. Lord TALBOT's horse, like the great planet in *Milton*, danc'd about in various rounds his wand'ring course. At different times, he was *progressive*, *retrograde*, or *standing still*. The *progressive* motion I should rather incline to think the merit of the *horse*, the *retrograde* motion, the merit of the *Lord*. Some of the regulations of the courtiers themselves for that day had long been settled by former lord stewards. It was reserved for lord Talbot to settle an *etiquette* for their *horses*.

I much admire many of his Lordship's new regulations, especially those for the royal kitchen. I approve the discharging of so many *turnspits* and *cooks*, who were grown of very little use. I do not, however, quite like the precedent of giving them *pensions* for doing nothing. It was high time to put an end to that

that too great indulgence in eating and drinking, which went by the name of *Old English hospitality*, when the house of Commons had granted a poor, niggardly *civil list* of only 800,000*l.* I sincerely venerate his Lordship's great abilities, and deeply regret that they are not employed by government in a way more *confidential*, more suited to his manly character.*

There is one *Scottish pension* I have been told of, which afforded me real pleasure. It is Mr. *Hume's*; for I am satisfied that it must be given to Mr. *David Hume*, whose writings have been justly admired both abroad and at home, and not to Mr. *John Hume*, who has endeavoured to bring the name into contempt, by putting it to two insipid tragedies, and other trash in the *Scottish miscellanies*.

I must in compliance with a few vulgar writers, call the *inadequate* reward given to Mr. *Pitt*, for as great services as ever were performed by any subject, a *pension*, although the *grant is not during pleasure*, and therefore cannot create any undue, unconstitutional influence. In the same light we are to consider

* This panegyric on the character of lord *Talbot*, so enraged his lordship, that in about a month afterwards measures were taken to bring about a duel between Mr. *Wilkes* and him, in which his lordship appeared extremely ridiculous. For a more particular account, see Appendix.

the duke of *Cumberland's* and *Marlborough's*,
 prince *Ferdinand's*, and admiral *Hawke's*, Mr.
Winstow's, &c. I was going to call it the *King's*
old box; for Mr. *Pitt* having before received
 the most obliging marks of regard from the
 public, the testimony of his sovereign only re-
 mained wanting. The circumstances however
 attending it convince me, that at that moment
 it was artfully contrived by courtiers to be given
 to Mr. *Pitt*, neither for *Louisbourg*, *Quebec*,
 or *Pondicherry*, but to ruin him in the opinion
 of mankind, and with the hope of putting an
 end to that popularity, which he has through-
 out courted with such painful zeal, prostituted
 to such flagitious purposes, and made use of
 to move all to raise the flame of discord, which
 he kindled for the last six years, but is now, under
 the auspices of lord *BUTE*, happily extin-
 guished.

Numb. XIII. Saturday, Aug. 28, 1762.

Mancipiis locuples, eget æris Cappadocum rex.

The Cappadocian King is rich in slaves,
But cash is wanting.

To the NORTH BRITON.

SIR,

I INCLOSE a very great curiosity, which I desire you to reprint *verbatim*. It will shew the present age how unjust the last was in their sentiments of the people and country of *Scotland*, and that the prejudices against the inhabitants of the northern part of this island were not conceived by the *English* yesterday. I beg to give you a motto from Horace, which I think conveys no bad idea of a *Highland Chief*.

I am, &c.

A PERFECT DESCRIPTION OF THE
PEOPLE AND COUNTRY OF SCOTLAND

By JAMES HOWELL, Gent.

LONDON: Printed for J. S. 1649.

FIRST, for the country, I must confess is good for those that possess it, and too bad for others to be at the charge to conquer

62. 10. 13. THE NORTH BRITON.

The air might be wholesome, but for the
inking people that inhabit it; the ground
might be fruitful, had they wit to manure it.

Their beasts be generally small, women only
excepted; of which sort there are none greater
the whole world. There is great store of
fowl too, as fowl houses, fowl sheets, fowl linen,
foul dishes and pots, fowl trenchers and nap-
kins, with which sort we have been forced to
do, as the children did with their fowl in the
wilderness. They have good store of fish too,
and good for those that can eat it raw; but if
it come once into their hands, it is worse than
if it were three days old; for their butter and
cheese I will not meddle withal at this time,
nor no man else at any time that loves his life.

They have great store of deer, but they are
far from the place where I have been, that I
d rather believe than go to disprove it: I
confess all the deer I met withal was dear lodg-
ings, dear horse-meat, and dear tobacco, and
English beer.

As for fruit, for their grandfire *Adam's* sake,
they never planted any; and for other trees,
and *Christ* been betrayed in this country (as
subtle as he should, had he come as a stranger)
as *Adam* had sooner found the grace of repentance
than a tree to hang himself on.

They have many hills, wherein they say is
much

much treasure, but they shew none of it: nature hath only discovered to them some mine of coals, to shew to what end he created them.

I see little grass but in their pottage: the thistle is not given them of nought, for it is the fairest flower in their garden. The word *honey* is heathen Greek unto them; neither man nor beast knows what it means.

Corn is reasonable plenty at this time; for since they heard of the king's coming, it has been as unlawful for the common people to eat wheat, as it was in the old time for any but the priests to eat shew bread. They pray much for his coming, and long fasted for his welfare; but in the more plain sense, that might fare the better, all his followers were welcome, but his guard; for those, they fear are like *Pharaoh's* lene kine, and threaten dearth wheresoever they come: they could persuade the footmen that oaten cakes would make them long-winded; and the children of the chapel they have brought to eat them for the maintenance of their voices.

They say our cooks are too saucy; and grooms and coachmen, they wish them to give to their horses no worse than they eat themselves; they commend the brave minds of pensioners, and the gentlemen of the bed-chamber, which choose rather to go to tavern

men to be always eating of the king's provision; they likewise do commend the yeomen of the buttery and cellar, for their readiness and silence, in that they will hear twenty knocks before they will answer one. They persuade the trumpeters, that fasting is good for men of that quality; for emptiness they say causes wind, and wind causes a trumpet to sound well.

The bringing of heraulds, they say, was a needless charge; they all know their pedigrees well enough; and the harbingers might have been spared, sithence they brought so many beds with them; and of two evils, since the least should be chosen, they wish the beds might remain with them, and the poor harbingers keep their places, and do their office as they return: his hangings, they desire might likewise be left as reliques, to put them in remembrance of his majestie; and they promise to discourse with the wooden images; but for those gilded images in his new beautiful chapel, they threaten to pull down soon after his departure, and to make of them a burnt-offering to appease the indignation they imagined conceived against them in the breast of the Almighty, for suffering such idolatry to enter into their kingdom: the organ, I think, will

H

finde

finde mercy, because, as they say, there is some affinity between them and the bagpipes.

The shipper that brought the singing-men with their papistical vestments, complains that he hath been much troubled with a singing in his head ever since they came a board his ship for remedy whereof the parson of the parish hath persuaded him to sell that prophane vessel, and to distribute the money among the faithful brethren.

For his majesty's entertainment, I must needs ingenuously confess, he was received into the parish of *Edenberg* (for a city I cannot call it) with great shouts of joy, but no shews or charge for pageants: they hold them idolatrous things, and not fit to be used in so reformed a place. From the castle they gave him some pieces ordnance, which surely he gave them since he was king of *England*; and at the entrance of the town they presented him with a golden basin, which was carried before him on men's shoulders to his palace, I think, from whence it came: his majesty was conveyed by the youngers of the town, which were some hundred halberds (dearly shall they rue it in regard to the charge) to the *Croft* and so to the high church, where the onely beauty they had stood on tip-toe to behold his sweet face

ce; where I must intreat you to spare him, or an hour I lost him.

In the mean time to report the speeches of the people, concerning his never exampled entertainment, were to make this discourse too tedious unto you, as the Sermon was to those that were constrained to endure it. After the reachment he was conducted by the same halberds unto his palace, of which I forbear to speak, because it was a place sanctified by his divine majesty, onely I wish it had been better walled, for my friends sake that waited on him.

Now I will begin briefly to speak of the people, according to their degrees and quaulities; for the lords spiritual, they may well be termed so indeed, for they are neither fish nor flesh, but what it shall please their earthly god, the King, to make them. Obedience is better than sacrifice: and therefore they make a mock at martyrdom, saying, that Christ was to die for them, and not they for him. They will rather subscribe than surrender, and rather discontinue with small things than trouble themselves with great disputation: they will rather acknowledge the king to be their head, than want wherewith to pamper their bodies.

They have taken great pains and trouble to compass their bishopricks, and they will not

leave them for a trifle; for the deacons whose defects will not lift them up to dignities, all their study is to disgrace them that have got the least degree above them; and because they cannot be bishop they proclaim themselves never heard of any. The scriptures, say they speak of deacons and elders, but not a word of bishops. Their discourses are full of detraction, their sermons nothing but railing, and their conclusions nothing but heresies and treasons. For their religion they have, I confess they have it above reach, and God willing I will never reach for it.

They christen without the cross, marry without the ring, receive the sacrament without reverence, die without repentance, and bury without divine service: they keep no holiday nor acknowledge any Saint but Saint *Andrew* who they say got that honour by presenting Christ with an oaten cake after his forty day fast. They say likewise he that translated the bible was the son of a maltster, because it speaks of a miracle done by barley loaves; where they swear they were oaten cakes, and that no other bread of that quantity could have sufficed so many thousands.

They use no prayer at all, for they say it needless: God knows their mindes without prattling, and what he doth he loves to do
free

ely. Their sabbath's exercise is a preaching in the forenoon, and a persecuting in the afternoon; they go to church in the forenoon to hear the law, to the crags and mountains in the afternoon to l**** themselves.

They hold their noses if you talk of bearing, and stop their ears if you speak of a day: fornication they hold but a pastime, wherein man's ability is approved and a woman's fertility discovered; at adultery they shake their heads; theft they rail at; murder they wink at; and blasphemy they laugh at: they think it impossible to lose the way to heaven, if they can but leave *Rome* behind them.

To be opposite to the pope is to be presently with God. To conclude; I am persuaded that if God and his angels at the last day should come down in their whitest garments, they would run away, and cry, The children of the chapel are come again to torment us, let us flee from the abomination of these boys, and hide ourselves in the mountains.

For the Lords spiritual and temporal, tempering gentlemen, if I were apt to speak of them I could not speak much of them, onely I must let you know they are not Scottishmen; as soon as they fall from the breast of the mother, their careful sire posts them

away for *France*, where, as they pass, the sea sucks from them that which they have sucked from their rude dams; there they gather new flesh, new blood, new manners; and there they learn to put on their cloaths, and then return into their countries to wear them out; there they learn to stand, to speak, and to discourse, and to congee, to court women, and to compliment with men.

They spared no cost to honour the king, nor for no complimental courtesie to welcome their countrymen; their followers are their fellows, their wives their slaves, their horses their masters, and their swords their judges, by reason whereof they have but few laborers, and those not very rich: their parliament hold but three days, their statutes three lines, and their suits are determined in a manner in three words, or very few more, &c.

The wonders of their kingdom are these: the lord chancellor, he is believed; the master of the rolls, well spoken of: and the whole counsel, who are the judges for all causes, are free from suspicion of corruption. The country, although it be mountainous, affords no monsters but women, of which the greatest sort, as countesses, and ladies, are kept like lions in iron grates. The merchants who are also prisoners, but not in so strong a hold,

they have wooden cages, like our boar franks, through which, sometimes peeping to catch the air, we are almost choaked with the sight of them; the greatest madness among the men is jealousy, in that they fear what no man hath but two of his senses will take from them.

The ladies are of opinion that *Susanna* could not be chaste, because she bathed so often. Pride is a thing bred in their bones, and their flesh naturally abhors cleanliness; their breath commonly stinks of pottage, their fingers of p—ss, their hands of pigs t—ds, their bodies of sweat, and their splay-feet never offend in socks. To be chained in marriage with one of them were to be tied to a dead carcass, and cast into a stinking ditch; formosity and dainty face they dream not of.

The ointments they most frequently use among them are brimstone and butter for the scab, and oil of bays and stavesacre. I protest I had rather be the meanest servant of the two to my pupil's chambermaid, than to be the master in union to the fairest countess I have yet discovered. The sin of curiosity of ointments is but newly crept into the kingdom, and I do think will not long continue.

To draw you down by degrees from the citizens wives to the country gentlewomen,

and convey you to common dames in *Sea-coal-lane*, that converse with rags and marrow-bones, are things of mineral race. Every w—— in *Houndsditch* is an *Helena*; and the greasy b—— in *Turnball-street* are *Greekish* dames in comparison of these. And therefore to conclude: the men of old did no more wonder that the great *Messias* should be born in so poor a town as *Bethlem* in *Judea*, than I do wonder that so brave a prince as king *James* should be born in so stinking a town as *Edinburgh*, in l—sy *Scotland*.

Numb. XIV. Saturday, Sept. 4, 1762.

Nihil tam *Populare*, quàm *Pacem*, quam concordiam, quàm otium, reperiemus.

We shall find nothing so popular as peace, rest, and quiet.

CICERO.

AMONG the various *popular* artifices, which have been in vain employed by a most *unpopular* set of men, to amuse and dupe the multitude, not one has been so frequent for many months as the industrious propagation of the report of the happy dawning of *peace*, which is the great object of every honest

honest man's wishes. It will indeed at this time be doubly welcome; for it will relieve us from the just terrors which the continuance of a war, now so ill conducted, and the enemies possession of *Newfoundland*, have given every good subject. I will not dwell upon the probability of future ignominious losses which must follow, while our affairs are in such weak hands; nor will I mention all my apprehensions for the infant colony of *Halifax*, because I hope that a *peace* will put a period to all our wars.

At one time emissaries of the minister have told us that a *peace was as good as concluded*, when, *only little formalities remained to be adjusted*; now in the fulness of time, it is become the first article of their political creed, that it is *actually signed*, and in lord Bute's pocket. These reports have been circulated with the utmost care and industry from various motives. Those of a *private* nature, which were calculated for *private* ends, to raise or fall our political barometer, the stocks, I will not dwell upon. I will mention one of public concern, and of no small importance. The world has seen the total incapacity of the *minister* to carry on a war, and the neglect of *Newfoundland* has filled every thoughtful mind with the most uneasy forebodings of futu-

futurity. The voice of the people has said, that the existence of *his* power depended on the making *peace* with France; and almost every express he has received from abroad has demonstrated the necessity of it, and has given lord BUTE the mortification of finding how ill the war went on, and how little confidence our allies have in the present minister. He has likewise experienced the additional chagrin of finding how ardently they wish for his predecessor. I believe that, next to the consciousness of having merited the reproaches he meets with, it must be the most real anguish to his mind, (though it is neither noble, nor has great refinements) to know the generous, and free applause given to his great adversary. How often of late has envy and malice sickened at the glorious testimony foreigners have borne to the superior merit of Mr. PITT, and to his unrivalled ability in the conduct of war!

A minister of mean and narrow genius, who finds himself embarrassed in the management of an important war, is from necessity driven to ask *peace* for the preservation of his own power, and the concealment of his incapacity from his master. But the mischief lies here, that such a minister must take any *peace* the enemy will give, who knowing that it must

e had, will only grant it on the most hard
 and dishonourable conditions. This was ex-
 ctly the state of England at the latter end of
 ueen Anne's reign, after the change of the
 glorious ministry, which had preserved Eu-
 rope from the universal monarchy of the house
 of *Bourbon*. Our arms had then too (*but only*
in one quarter of the world) been crowned with
 astonishing success. The greatest harmony
 prevailed among all the parts of the grand al-
 liance: but GREAT BRITAIN was the *soul* of
 the whole. She did not then withhold her
 treasure, because she knew that it was applied
 to the support of the common cause, which I
 take to be the ruin, or at least the humbling
 of France. The victory of *Hochstedt* in that
 war, as of *Rosbach* in this, broke that formi-
 dable power. France was reduced so low, as
 to feel the necessity of a *peace*, and to make
 repeated overtures. Lord *Walpole* reminds me
 of a modern statesman, when he talks of the
 Duke of *Marlborough's* indefatigable activity and
 desire to fall upon the French in all places, and on
 all occasions, p. 55. Yet I never heard that the
 views, even of that amazing genius, extended
 beyond *Europe*. How is every good man's in-
 dignation raised, to find that *his most glorious*
designs were likewise defeated by a contemptible
faction of artful men, who had undermined
 him

him at court, and ruined him in the opinion of his sovereign, though they could not rob him of the hearts of the people! On the alteration of the ministry, how was the scene changed! A peace became necessary for the private views of the new managers, and was to be had on any terms. They, after the splendor of such victories, *humbled* themselves before the proudest monarch in *Europe*, and *begged* peace of him. An Englishman can scarcely read without tears the history of our infamy during that whole negotiation of a *Tory* ministry. All the glories of that war were tarnished by the shameful peace of *Utrecht*; which the two ministerial scribblers of these times are every week applauding, and, I fear, most ominously, giving out as a precedent to this age. The French at last recovered from their panic; their spirit revived on the change of the ministry, and the abbot POLIGNAC said carelessly, *Ce que nous perdrons en Flandres, nous gagnerons en Angleterre*. There are many things remarkably striking in this period, which, I think, come home to the present Times. I shall mention a few, and shall give the most unexceptionable testimony, that of lord *Walpole* of *Woolterton*, who was in 1709, at the Hague secretary to the British embassy for negotiating a peace.

“ Th

“ The ministry and measures were changed ;
 “ the reverse of that honest and useful principle of preserving *union* and *harmony* among the confederates, soon took place, and was productive of those fatal consequences that were obvious and natural. A shameful and unprovoked separation from our allies put it into the power of *reduced France* to dictate the terms of peace to her *victorious* enemies: terms not only ignominious and unjust to our *friends* , but even those granted to ourselves, instead of securing any particular advantages as a recompence for the sacrifice we made of our allies and of our honour, if any thing could be a recompence for so base a behaviour, were detrimental to the interest, trade, and safety of this nation.” P. 128.

“ This digression serves to point out the true and original cause of that scene iniquity and treachery, which followed the alteration of the ministry. P. 129. By a plausible appearance of a disposition for *peace*, he, the French king, not only quieted the minds of his people, whose clamours, from their miserable conditions, had been loud, but he wrought them up to a zeal to support him.” P. 151.

“ They, the French, had got *into a negotiation with our ministry*: they did not doubt
 “ but

“ but the advantages they should reap from
 “ thence, would more than recompence the
 “ losses they had suffered by the duke of Marl-
 “ borough's arms.” P. 199.

“ All these hopeful expectations of reaping
 “ the fruit of so much blood and treasure, were
 “ blasted and confounded on a sudden, by the
 “ prevailing intrigues of a faction, composed
 “ of some few ambitious and designing men.
 “ These new projectors, impatient to succeed
 “ and support themselves in their places,
 “ broke through the barriers of honour, ho-
 “ nesty, and good faith; and giving up all
 “ concern, not only for the interest of our
 “ friends, but of their own country, without
 “ any other motive or provocation than that
 “ of satisfying their wicked and aspiring views
 “ at any rate, and in order to bring in the
 “ Pretender, flung themselves into the arms of
 “ France.” P. 8.

“ That far from steadily insisting upon, and
 “ before this *unaccountable change* it was practi-
 “ cable, and in their power to have done
 “ terms of peace agreeable to treaties, and
 “ the principles upon which those treaties were
 “ founded, they were forced to receive the law
 “ from her, and accept of such conditions
 “ she should condescend to give to us and our
 “ allies; and while we shamefully abandoned

“ then

them, far from obtaining, as we pretended, particular advantages to this nation, as a satisfaction for our having borne the chief burden of the war; what was peculiarly granted to us was calculated to dazzle the eyes of the unthinking multitude, being of no benefit to us, but productive, as they afterwards proved, of new troubles in Europe." P. 9.

"France, in this distracted condition of her affairs, both at home and abroad, to appease the clamour of her miserable subjects, to make the allies more slack and remiss in their warlike preparations, and to create, if possible, jealousies and divisions among them, had recourse to all imaginable arts and intrigues to make the belief of an approaching peace generally prevail." P. 122.

These passages are faithfully extracted from an answer to the latter part of lord Bolingbroke's letters on the study of history, by the late lord Walpole of Woolterton, which has been printed by the present lord Walpole, and given only to his friends: but I hope that so useful a work will not be kept long from the public*.

Much art has been used to prepare the minds of men for this long-expected peace, and many

* The impatience of the public for this valuable work has been obligingly gratified.

curious doctrines have been promulgated to quiet our scruples with regard to some articles said to be contained in it, which strike equally at the interest and honour of the nation. The BRITON tells us, *that no state can be bound by any treaty, which shall turn out manifestly prejudicial to its interest, because it is always supposed that every engagement of this nature is contracted with a view to self-preservation or public advantage.* Is this the *good faith* for which England has ever been celebrated? I will venture to say that there is no doctrine more wicked, more calculated to destroy the most sacred ties, than this now laid down by this advocate of the present ministry. This is beyond *Machiavelian* politics. Nothing in the famous *Morale des Jesuites* comes up to it. He applies this doctrine to the king of Prussia, whom his sovereign calls our *ally*, and he stiles a *royal freebooter*; but he ought to have known that the king of Prussia himself has nobly refuted the poor sophisms of the *antimoralists* he admires, and his writings, as well as by his practice, have proved that *good faith* and a *religious observance of treaties*, is equally the clear duty and interest of all princes. No man but the BRITON ever held such infamous doctrine in a civilized nation. It would disgrace the most barbarous savages in America. Lewis the XIVth acted

through

through a long wicked life by this maxim of the BRITON's, that *he was no longer bound by any treaty, than he found it for his own interest to be so*, was of consequence detested as infamous in his own age, and is branded by posterity as the most perjured prince on record. The BRITON says, *it is a maxim adopted by civilians*. It is then only by *Scottish civilians*, or perhaps by a few unprincipled advocates of our own *Doctors Commons*, who cooked up the artful affidavits, which some infamous *Monte Christi* traders (for they deserve not the honourable name of *merchants*) persuaded their agents, &c. to make in this war. Has it indeed been the regular practice of the *Scottish nation*, and is it therefore mistaken for a part of their law? Or is it to be a part of the new *Scots law*, which the AUDITOR mentions? I should like to see this very moral *Codex Buteanus*, illustrated with the *German commentaries* of count *Mansfeldt*, that *accomplished civilian*, and justly renowned, not so much indeed for nervous, manly sense, as for spinning the most curious webs of artful sophistry, finer and lighter than the very *Gossamer*. I dare say that by one of his *beautiful reasonings* on the chapter of *wills*, we shall find it deduced, that, if an immense property should be wickedly left by a father in his dotage, from an only *English son*

I

into

into a *Scotsman's* family, the *Scotsman* may, consistent with honour and conscience, keep the whole, yet endeavour to pervert and entirely change the clear will and intention of his great benefactor, divert the golden stream of *Pactolus* into another channel, for his own selfish purposes, and make use of every art, and all kind of influence, to attain so righteous an end.

I have heard of a *quaint* declaration of the minister to his friends, that *he thinks he sees through a peace*. What is to be understood by so strange a phrase I shall scarcely take upon me to determine. Is the *peace* of so slight and flimsy a contexture, that the artifice of it is easily *seen through*? Or does it mean that peace so patched, is *seen through*, because it can have no permanency? I will consider the phrase more at large, when it is, as translators always say, *made or done into English*; for I am not obliged to understand the language of a *foreign minister*, nor will I learn it, when it is barbarous and uncouth.

As the negotiation is soon to be opened in form, I rejoice to hear that the administration is so fortunate in the choice of a noble personage, who has *condescended* to go on the part of England, not to *sign*, but to *treat of a peace*. His grace's happy temper, his winning manner, and obliging deportment, will soon secure

in the hearts of the *French* as entirely as they
 and the hearts of the *Irish*, who lived so blessed
 under his government. I hope for this pur-
 pose that his old secretary, the *learned* master of
 the rolls, is to attend the embassy. I am satis-
 fied that the *French* will approve our choice,
 and that there will be the truest harmony be-
 tween them. His grace has been pleased to
 declare, that he *wept over our victories*, so have
 the *French*: there may therefore be a full
 chorus of *sighs and groans* between them: and
 when their tears are dried up, I suppose they
 will *laugh* together at our loss of *Newfound-*
land. I will venture to prophecy, that on the
ble duke's wished-for return to his native coun-
 try, he will be attended to the *Gallic* shore by
 at least as great crowds of *Frenchmen*, shrug-
 ging their shoulders, as he was to the *Irish*
 shore by the *men, women and children of that*
country, all dissolved in tears.

One particular I beg leave to suggest. In
 common policy the *nakedness* of our land should
 rather be concealed by his grace abroad; for
 though it is very encouraging to the nation,
 and highly proper in a house of parliament,
 and in all companies here, to represent this
 country as totally exhausted, and unable to
 proceed at all with the war, yet in France this
 language, held by a minister sent to *treat*
 I 2 of

of a peace, might be no small argument against the glorious terms of it, which the unparalleled successes of the war give the nation the justest right to expect.

Numb. XV. Saturday, Sept. 11, 1766

*Ostentabant Pisoni nutantes Gallias, paratam Germaniam
pericula ipsius, et pace suspecta tutius bellum.*

When we are surrounded with danger and confusion, and war is preferable to a suspected peace.

THERE is scarcely any circumstance more provoking than to be brought in upon when a man is deeply engaged in an affair of real moment and of a serious nature, by some stupid fellow, and interrupted with his insipid raillery on a trifling subject. So an impertinent companion have we all found in the AUDITOR last week. When the most general alarm prevailed every where, of preliminaries being actually signed, so injurious to the honour of the nation, so inadequate to the successes of this glorious war, he, mal-à-propos, stepped forth, and instead of endeavouring to quiet our fears, and to pour balm into

bleeding wounds, gives us a long tedious paper of *toasting healths*. Amidst the universal murmurings and discontents of the people, from the suspicion that so many of our glorious conquests, purchased with so much blood and treasure, were to be given up to our ancient enemy, at length so weakened and reduced, this *mauvais plaisant* endeavoured in vain to raise a laugh by his low buffoonry and jests, equally *stale* and *ill-timed*, on *fox-hunters* and *country 'squires*. Is this ribaldry to serve instead of observations on the great business, to which the * *under-secretary of state's* letter to the city of *London* called our particular regard, and on which indeed every eye was before fixed with so much attention?

This ministerial advocate must in vain expect to turn our thoughts from what we all feel to be of the truest national importance. The alarm is universal, and can only be calmed, if indeed it can be calmed, by authentic information of what is concealed so mysteriously from the world. For though Mr. *Wood's* letter only says, that the duke of *Bedford* is sent to treat of a peace, the public report, as yet uncontradicted, has given the most important ar-

* Neither of the secretaries of state condescended on this degradation to write to the city of *London*.

ticles of it, which have raised the indignation of the people. I hope in due time we shall be favoured with lord *Egremont's first* as well as *some few* subsequent letters on this great occasion.

I cannot but remark the wonderful difference between the sentiments of mankind now, during the present negotiation, and what they were while we were treating with France a few months ago. The *war* against the common enemy was then carried on in all parts with amazing vigour and success, during that whole negotiation, so *suspicious* on the part of France; no conquests were made on us, but the French empire was *mouldering* away; a most entire harmony prevailed through the nation; the utmost confidence was placed in the minister; and no man was alarmed at a treaty going on with France, because the nation and its allies thought their interests safe in those hands. We ourselves entertained no fears, nor had our allies any suspicions of the want of that *good faith* for which the crown of *England* has in all ages been celebrated. The infamous doctrine of the wretch, who scribbles under the *royal arms*, had not then been broached in this country. The nation was unanimous in opinion, that an *open* and *spirited* *war* was a state of greater security, than an *in-*
sidious

fidious, inglorious, and uncertain peace. Newfoundland was not then in the hands of our enemy, a plea with monsieur *Buffy* for any concessions inconsistent with our honour, or our most important interests, our *fishery* and *navy*. The present time of our negotiating, when we have just received so fatal, so stunning a blow, I am afraid forebodes no good. Had we recovered so important an object first, with what higher dignity should we have entered into a negotiation, which now rather betrays our fears, than portends our obtaining those great terms which all Europe demands for us, as the just price of peace to be paid to England by a *vanquished* and late *dispirited* enemy! I fear a negotiation at this crisis will rather seem to be calculated to save what remains of our old empire, than to preserve what the late ministry conquered from the proud rivals of our trade and commerce. The duke of Bedford will now have the *retort courtoise* of Newfoundland *fishery, navy*, in return for what his grace may say of *Quebec, Pondicherry, &c.*

What pains has the poor AUDITOR taken to divert our attention, and how has he laboured to relieve us from these melancholy objects, which he sees prey on our spirits? Not a syllable of *Newfoundland*, or the new *treaty of peace*, but a most tedious dissertation on

the *Romans, Germans, Thracians, &c. &c.* and their convivial entertainments! I believe he is no great *Greek*, or it would be strange he could omit all mention of the most *polite* and *elegant* nation the world ever saw, who were so given to indulge in all the sprightly fallies which wine inspires, that *pergræcari* is the very phrase even the Roman authors use; and Plautus very fully explains it, *dies noctesque bibite, PERGRÆCAMINI*. Even the word *symposium*, which the AUDITOR always uses, is the Greek term; for Tully remarks, in honour of his countrymen, that the Roman word was *convivium*, which better expressed the *accubatio epularis amicorum, quod vitæ conjunctionem haberet*. He is not, however, very accurate even as to the *Romans*, though he gives us such long insipid passages from the dull commentators, who for ever disgrace the bottom of the *white classic page*. He would persuade us that no *party divisions* were in their drinking clubs, and no *political toasts* drank; but I am satisfied of the contrary from *Horace*, who in his fine ode to *Augustus* concludes the politics of the times, *Quis Parthum paveat? Quis gelidum Scythæ, Quis Germaniam, &c.* with

— *dicimus integro*

Sicci mane die, dicimus uvidi,

Cum sel oceano subest.

Ever

Even old *Cato's* virtue, I am satisfied, was frequently known *mero incaluisse* to good patriot toasts; and had a citizen the merit of conquering the capitals of the Gauls in two quarters of the globe would not *that great Roman's* heart have been thirsty for the noble pledge of his health? and would he not have filled till the wine over-swelled the cup, as Shakespeare says? Were the name of the patriot or hero un- luckily so short as to admit but of four *cyathi*, according to their rule, a *Roman wit* would have cracked an *Asiaticus* or *Africanus* to it, and have died in such a cause, on a *festus dies*, to have burnt out *night's tapers*, and have sat up till morning, to behold the noble *Claude Lorraine* of nature, the most glorious sight of the whole creation, *jocund day standing tiptoe on the misty mountain's top*. I am persuaded however, that no *arbiter bibendi* could have made a true *Roman* crown the bowl to a *Consul*, who had lost an important *Roman* colony, or to an oppressive and insolent governor of *Sicily*.

As to myself, I declare I have so much of the *Greek* and *Roman* spirit in me, that I should not hesitate a moment to prefer *pledging* PATRIOT toasts with a set of sensible and spirited friends of their country, in *Surry*, *Suffex*, or *Buckinghamshire*, to the drinking *chocolate* with weak, passionate, and insolent secretary of state

state, on the very expensive terms that it was given, together with wonderful good advice, last week, by lord *Egremont*, to Mr. *Charles Say*, the printer of the *Gazetteer*. I will only tell his lordship, that if he means to give *chocolate* to every *Englishman*, who declares his suspicions of what the ministry are doing, all the sugar islands together, if we are suffered to retain them, will not hold out a single month in furnishing that commodity.

If the *French* take *Placentia*, or *Halifax*, the *Auditor* has so much studied the antiquities of that *amiable* nation, that I suppose he will divert us with another paper on his favourites the *Jews*, and will, from such *reading as was never read* by any man of spirit and sense, inform us whether they began the custom of *toasting* before or after the *Babylonish captivity*, and what toasts, which are now drank in CHRISTENDOM, they adopt, or are likely to adopt, *one hundred years hence*, varying only the mode of expression. Or shall we rather, in his *quaint* phrase, have something *musé-like* divert us? I hope it will be something more *musé-like*, more like some one of the *nine*, than the barren muse of the *Desart Isle*, or the wretched *Orphan of China*. Or will this *profligate player* give us a *phantomime*, or a *pompéed*, *future*, *old revived*, *new tragedy*, and

most ingeniously contrive, like Tantalus, to murder even his own miserable offspring? Will he be *Counsellor, Author, Manager, Pimp, Poet, or Player?*

But this *Proteus* shall at present give place to a worthy correspondent, who I find has no more inclination than myself to drink *chocolate* with lord *Egremont*, even on the most pressing compliments of Mr. *Carrington*, who is not apt to take a denial, when he finds a gentleman at home.

T O T H E

AUTHOR of the NORTH BRITON.

SIR,

I LATELY gave information by a letter to the *Gazetteer*, under the name of *Piscator*, of some circumstances relative to the capture of St. John's, which I found on my arrival were not known in England. These were published Wednesday, August the 25th, but the next day were contradicted, it was said, on good authority, as being without foundation. I wrote two other letters, and yesterday was published the following extraordinary article. Whilst our correspondent, *Piscator*, who

“ wrote

“ wrote about Newfoundland, chuses to conceal himself under that character, it would be highly improper for us, in this public manner, to say more than that it is impossible for us to insert his third letter.” This seems plainly to intimate that the authority on which he contradicted my information was from the ministry, who obliged him to apologize for what he had already said, as being too true for the public knowledge.

Now I have suffered too much already in my private fortune, by the capture of *St. John's*, to be willing to expose myself to be hampered by those in power, merely for telling truth; I therefore sit down to relate the above circumstances to you, for you to make use of them as your better prudence and experience shall suggest, for the information of the public. As to the truth of them, I have already said, and do again desire no better testimony, than to appeal to the many witnesses who are now in England, who were at *St. John's* at its surrender, and are arrived some in private ships, and others in the *cartel* ship. If I have said any thing untrue, it would be very easy for them in a public manner to demonstrate my falsehoods; but however willing they may be to press their fingers on their lips, through prudence, I am much mistaken if any

the

them would publicly set their names to the
 falsity of things known for truth by all the in-
 habitants of *St. John's*. I am not unacquainted
 with the French commandant, a man well
 known in those parts, and deservedly esteemed
 as well for his worthy qualities, as especially
 for his humanity to our countrymen after our
 defeat before *Quebec*. At *St. John's* he gave
 another instance of the same by desiring some
 of the inhabitants to come to his camp, to see
 the thousand grenadiers he had landed, and
 thereby preserve the town from plunder and
 the consequences of a storm. On his arrival
 in town, he publicly declared that he knew the
 small number of the garrison, which remained
 there; which, according to the report of those
 I met at *New-York*, did not exceed *forty*.
 This is in some measure confirmed by the
Paris Gazette, which makes it but *sixty-three*,
 exclusive of the crew of the *Gramont*; and,
 we imagine, for the honour of their con-
 quest, they have eked out the list as much as
 possible. I make little doubt that our next
 advices from *Newfoundland* will confirm another
 part of my information, namely, that *Placen-*
tia is still in our possession, which, if it had no
 better garrison originally than *St. John's*, must
 just as well have fallen too, as the *French*
 have there full 1500 men, besides the crews
 of

of their ships, and well knew that we had no naval force at *Halifax*, nor could any arrive to annoy them sooner than from *England*. If *Placentia* should fall too, we shall then judge, whether what I have further said be without foundation or not, by the number of prisoners which the French account shall report to have made there.

I am, Sir, your humble Servant,
Sept. 2. PISCATOR.

I have read the celebrated letter from *Wandsworth*, which has been circulated with so much industry for the two last days. It is a mixture of absurdity and inconsistency. The author says that he *writes without any particular information*; yet soon after *takes for granted*, that the Peace now offered by France and Spain united is in many respects better, and in no respect worse, than the peace, which was so near being concluded the last year. How comes he to take this for granted, for by his own account, the declaration of the administration is very general, and therefore I think highly suspicious! He declares that the terms now offered are much more favourable to Britain than those that were the foundation of the treaty last year. Was the peace offered to us, or was it not humbly asked by us? He very dexterously passes over the important change

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change in the courts of *Russia* and *Sweden*, no longer hostile to us, or our allies; the conquest of *Martinique*, perhaps the *Havannah*, &c. which have happened since the negotiation begun last year: and speaks with great tenderness of the *cruel taxation* in *France*. He then calls on the *enemies of peace* to contradict him, that there is no likelihood of compelling *France* to submit to terms better for us than those now offered by another campaign. I really believe not, if his blundering friends are to continue our managers. But who are these enemies of peace? Does he mean the city of *London*, because he affirms *the capital derives peculiar advantages from the war*? I have not heard of any man such an *enemy* to his country, as not to wish for *peace*; but it is not any *peace*; it must be a *safe* and *honourable peace*, adequate to the successes of the war; and whoever dares to make any other *peace*, I hope every good Englishman will stand forth, and drag him, even from behind the throne, should he take shelter there, to receive the just punishment of so great treachery to his injured country.

Numb.

Numb. XVI. Saturday, Sept. 18, 1762.

Still nod the plumage o'er the brainless head,
Still o'er the faithless heart the ribbon spread.

WHITEHEAD's Manners

TO THE NORTH BRITON.

SIR,

I BEG pardon for the use of so unfashionable a word, but I must say that I am an *Englishman*. I now prefer that word to *Briton* because there is lately established in my neighbourhood a club, consisting intirely of *Scottish* gentlemen and the *Scottish* tradesmen they deal with, who affect always to call themselves *Britons*. There is besides a very mean writer who is every week endeavouring, with much success, to make the word *Briton* as universal as *Gibber*, and his simple successors have the word *Ode*, which no man of taste at this hour hears pronounced without laughing.

I do not mean, Sir, to dwell on words. I call myself an *Englishman*, because it is the term the natives of my country generally use; and I am proud that from their innate valour and intrepidity

trepidity it has been as much honoured and
 breaded, as ever that of *Roman* was. I might
 add, that whole empires, where the *Roman eagle*
 ever flew, have revered the name of *En-*
land, and crouched to our lion. My heart too
 is intirely *English*, and like that of a good
 citizen, has rejoiced over every victory my brave
 countrymen have gained. With what triumph
 did I read the Spanish minister's declaration,
 That the court of *London* was in the most flourish-
 ing and most exalted situation it had ever known,
 occasioned by the greatest series of prosperities that
 any single nation had ever met with! This was,
 I think, in August last, under the late spirited
 and successful administration. But ever since
 the loss of *Newfoundland*, I am afraid to en-
 quire, because I am certain I should blush to
 hear the sentiments of foreigners concerning
 us.

But, Sir, our greatest glory is, that we
 have an *English king* on the throne, with the
 best dispositions, and the warmest desires of
 making us happy under his mild government.
 He is truly the delight of his people, and we
 justly pride ourselves in being governed by a
 prince who makes the laws the rule of his
 actions. His throne is founded in justice and
 mercy. He has not waded through blood to it,
 nor has he since stained it with the foulest mur-
 der*.

der*. I hope therefore that *his* reign will be long and prosperous, and that he will continue enthroned in the hearts of his subjects. May he never lose the smallest share of our regard and affections by an ill-placed confidence in a weak or wicked minister, whose interest it may become in future time to alienate his sovereign from all his *old* and *faithful* servants, in order to recommend his own creatures, however *suspected* they may be even in affection and fidelity to his master's family, and despicable in the eyes of their country!

I am, Sir, so much of an *Englishman*, that I most ardently love my country, and mean to *spend all my days in it*. I must own too that I warmly enter into all the honest prejudices of my countrymen. I despise the *cordon bleu* of France, and think *the most noble order of the garter* is the only order in Europe really to be valued. I have been out of humour for a week, that I cannot have the happiness of seeing my sovereign, in all the pomp and dignity the august ceremonies of the *installation* at Windsor are so soon to call for, to the admiration of my countrymen. I should be highly gratified also to see another prince of the house of *Brunswick*, enrolled

* See Number X.

with the greatest names of this and of almost every other civilized nation; with our *Henries* and *Edwards*, with *Francis the First*, and *Henry the Fourth* of France, *Gustavus Adolphus* of Sweden, &c. I really think this *most noble order* will itself derive the truest lustre from every additional name of the *Brunswick* family, because they have ever been the patrons of liberty in so conspicuous a manner, as to be *beyond all Greek, beyond all Roman fame*; and have so nobly answered those great ends for which they were called to the imperial crown of these realms, the preservation of the sacred rights of this people. I wish, therefore, that the heir to the crown, and, I hope, to the patriot virtues of his family, even thus early, had the *blue ribbon*; or that at least *one had been reserved for him*. I cannot but look upon that given to the *Scot*, as fitter for a *Prince of Wales*; and I should have had true satisfaction in seeing the youngest prince of a family, to whom we owe our invaluable liberties, adorned with the ensigns of this *English order*. I own my indignation rises on this occasion, and is only equalled by my grief, at another *Stuart's* being installed in *St. George's Chapel*. We have suffered enough by the whole: but I find we are for ever at least to be reminded of them. I have heard of a vain inscription at the family

seat of *Mount-Stuart*, *Not they from kings but kings from them.* Is this the subject of panegyric? Are these the benefactors of mankind, the guardians of the liberties of their country and of Europe, which the *Nassau* and *Brunswick* race have cemented with their blood? If we are to judge of the stem, by what has proceeded from it, a series of cowardly and mercilefs tyrants, then it is indeed most accursed; and I will affirm, because the English history proves it, that it had been happier for this country, if every *Male Stuart* had been strangled in the birth. Each reign of that family was one continued attack on our laws and constitution. Since the accession of the most illustrious house of *Brunswick*, our liberties and the excellent constitution of this country have been revered by the sovereign, equally with the most favourite branch of his prerogative. No one instance can be alledged of an Englishman's suffering, but from the just sentence of his country, since the auspicious dawn of the first of August 1714. I will therefore, as an *Englishman*, reverence the name of *Brunswick* and hold in eternal contempt and infamy that of *Stuart*.

I observe that the *garter* has been the gift of virtue to her sons, for noble actions against the enemy, *the Gaul subdued*, or for the blessing

sings of concord and harmony restored among the citizens at home, or for manly worth, superior gifts of understanding, and unspotted virtue. I will not now invidiously point out under which class I would rank the *Scottish Knight elect*, because I think he has an *equal* right to all; only I will observe, that the statutes of the *order* expressly require him to be *without reproach*. But I regret exceedingly that the *Knight elect* did not keep to the northern order of his own countrymen, which he might have done without the least envy; and really there would be at present a peculiar propriety in it, from two very strong reasons, which I shall leave my reader to find out from *Elias Ashmole*, that important but rather tedious *Windfor herald and historian*. The order of *St. Andrew*, or the *Thistle*, in Scotland, is rereported by John Lesley, bishop of Ross, to take beginning from a bright cross in heaven, in fashion of that whereon *St. Andrew* suffered martyrdom, which appeared to *Hunstus king of the Picts* (and to the Scots, whom *Achaius king of Scotland* sent to his assistance) the night preceding the battle with *Athelstan, king of England*, OVER WHOM PREVAILING, they went in solemn procession to the Kirk of *St. Andrew*, to thank God and his apostle for their victory, promising that they and their posterity would ever bear the figure

of that cross in their ensigns and banners. Or if the reader chuses to ascribe it to the old allies of the Scots, the perfidious *French*, rather than to their ancient enemies the *English*, *Ashmole* is still my Authority. He says, from *Menenius*, There are some that refer the institution of the *Thistle* to the reign of *Charles the Seventh*, king of France, WHEN THE AMITY WAS RENEWED BETWEEN BOTH KINGDOMS; that is, between France and Scotland.

At the election of a Knight into our most noble order, I think the investiture is made with the *Garter and George*, but the *Star* is not worn till the day of *installation*. All the trivial *fond records* of the *garter* are filled with pompous accounts of the brightness of the *star* and the irradiated virtues pourtrayed by it. I shall not tire myself with transcribing any of them; nor will I mention the miseries which the new *aurora borealis* is thought to portend to this country, and which we already begin to feel. That *ignis fatuus of glory* (for such is the base phrase of the BRITON) I should hope, is almost burnt out. I will, only for a little while, advise the *little stars* to hide their diminished rays. I shall conclude with four very good lines, written by a very mean author, the last of which would be a most excellent motto for the order.

Yet if beneath no real virtue reign,
On the gay coat the *star* is but a *stain*:
For could I whisper in his lordship's ear,
Worth *only beams true radiance on the STAR.*

Numb. XVII. Saturday, Sept. 25, 1762.

Its proper power to hurt each creature feels,
Bulls aim their horns, and asses lift their heels.

POPE.

THE humourous Mr. *Hogarth*, the *supposed* author of the *Analysis of beauty*, has at last entered the list of politicians, and given us a print of THE TIMES. *Words* areman's province, says *Pope*, but they are not Mr. *Hogarth's* province. He somewhere mentions his being indebted to a friend for a third part of the *wording*: that is his phrase. We all siffer the instant he takes up a *pen*, but we tremble when we see the *pencil* in his hand, and will do him the justice to say, that he possesses the rare talent of gibbeting in colours, and that in most of his works he has been a very good moral satirist. His fort is there, and he should have kept it. When he has at any time deviated from *his own peculiar walk*, he has never failed to make himself perfectly

ridiculous. I need only make my appeal to any one of his *historical* or *portrait* pieces, which are now considered as almost beneath all criticism. The favourite *Sigismunda*, the labour of so many years, the boasted effort of his art, was not *human*. If the figure had a resemblance of any thing ever on earth, or had the least pretence to meaning or expression, it was what he had seen, or perhaps made, in real life, his own wife in an agony of passion; but of what passion no connoisseur could guess. All his friends remember what tiresome discourses were held by him day after day about the transcendent merit of it, and how the great names of *Raphael*, *Vandyke*, and others, were made to yield the palm of beauty, grace, expression, &c. to him, for this long laboured, yet still, *uninteresting*, single figure. The value he himself set on this, as well as on some other of his works, almost exceeds belief; yet from politeness or fear, or some other motives, he has actually been paid the most astonishing sums, as the price, not of his merit, but of his unbounded vanity.

The darling passion of Mr. *Hogarth* is to shew the *faulty* and *dark* side of every object. He never gives us in perfection the *fair face of nature*, but admirably well holds out her deformities to ridicule. The reason is plain

All objects are painted on his *retina* in a grotesque manner, and he has never felt the force of what the French call *la belle nature*. He never caught a single idea of beauty, grace, or elegance; but on the other hand he never missed the least flaw in almost any production of nature or of art. This is his true character. He has succeeded very happily in the way of humour, and has miscarried in every other attempt. This has arose in some measure from his head, but much more from his heart. After *marriage à-la-mode* the public wished for a series of prints of a *happy marriage*. *Hogarth* made the attempt, but the rancour and malevolence of his mind made him very soon turn with envy and disgust from objects of so pleasing contemplation, to dwell and feast a bad heart on others of a hateful cast, which he pursued, for he found them congenial, with the most unabating zeal, and unrelenting gall.

I have observed for some time his *setting sun*. He has long been very *dim*, and almost *shorn of his beams*. He seems so conscious of this, that he now glimmers with *borrowed light*. *John Bull's house in flames* has been hackney'd in fifty different prints; and if there is any merit in the figure or stilt, and the mob prancing

prancing around, it is not to be ascribed to *Hogarth* but to *Callot*. That spirited *Italian*, whom the *English* painter has so carefully studied, has given us in the *Balli di Sfeffania di Jacomo Callot*, the very same ideas, but infinitely more ludicrous in the execution. The piece in *Smaruolo cornuto. Ratsa di Boio.* THE TIMES must be confessed destitute of every kind of original merit. The print at first view appears too much crouded with figures; and is in every part confus'd, perplex'd, and embarrass'd. The story is not well told to the eye, nor can we any where discover the faintest ray of that genius, which with a few strokes of the pencil enabled us to penetrate into the deepest recesses of thought, and even caprice, in a rake, a harlot, and a profligate young man of quality.

I own too that I am grieved to see the genius of *Hogarth*, which should take in all ages and countries, sunk to a level with the miserable tribe of party etchers, and now, in his rapid decline, entering into the poor politics of the faction of the day, and descending to low personal abuse, instead of instructing the world as he could once, by manly moral satire. Whence can proceed so surprizing a change? Is it the frowardness of old age? Or is it the

envy and impatience of resplendent merit in every way, at which he has always sickened? How often has he been remarked to droop at the fair and honest applause given even to a friend, though he had particular obligations to the very same gentleman? What wonder then that some of the most respectable characters of the age become the objects of his ridicule? It is sufficient that the rest of mankind applaud; from that moment he begins the attack, and you never can be well with him, till he hears an universal outcry against you, and till all your friends have given you up. There is besides a silly affectation of singularity, joined to a strong desire of leading the rest of the world: when that is once found impracticable, the spleen engendered on such an occasion is discharged at a particular object, or ends in a general misanthropy. The public never had the least share of *Hogarth's* regard, or even good will. *Gain* and *vanity* have steered his little light bark quite through life. He has never been consistent but with respect to those two principles. What a despicable part has he acted with regard to the society of *Arts and Sciences*! How shuffling has his conduct been to the whole body of *Artists*! Both these useful societies have experienced the most

most ungenteel and offensive behaviour from him. There is at this hour scarcely a single man of any degree of merit in his own profession, with whom he does not hold a professed enmity. It is impossible the least degree of friendship could ever subsist in this intercourse of the arts with him; for his insufferable vanity will never allow the least merit in another, and no man of a liberal turn of mind will ever condescend to feed his pride with the gross and fulsome praise he expects, or to burn the incense he claims, and indeed snuff like a most gracious God. To this he joins no small share of jealousy; in consequence of which he has all his life endeavoured to suppress rising merit, and has been very expert in every mean underhand endeavour, to extinguish the least spark of genuine fire. But a *genius* was not born, nor will die, with *M. Hogarth*: and notwithstanding all his ungenteel efforts to damp or chill it in another, he will trust to a discerning and liberal spirit in the English nation, to patronize and reward all real merit. It will in the end rise superior to the idle laugh of the hour, which the triflers think it the highest praise to be able to raise. For my part, I scarcely know a more profligate principle, than the indiscriminate

-sacrifice

sacrificing every thing, however great or good, to the dangerous talent of ridicule; and a man whose sole object is *dummodo risum excutiat*, ought to be avoided as the worst pest of society, as the *enemy* most to be feared, I mean a treacherous *friend*. Such a man will go all lengths to raise a laugh at your expence, and your whole life will be made miserable from his ambition of diverting the company for half an hour.

I love to trace the ideas of a genius, and to mark the progress of every art. Mr. *Hogarth* has heard much of the *cobwebs* of the law, and the *spinning fine spider-webs*, &c. This thrown on paper, and the idea carefully measured. Lord *Hardwicke* being at the head of the law, and deservedly in as high esteem with his countrymen, as any man who ever held the seals, unspotted in life, and equally revered by prince and people, becomes an excellent subject for the satirical pencil of a malevolent painter. He is accordingly emblematically represented by Mr. *Hogarth* as a great spider in a large, thick web, with myriads of the carcases of *flies, clients* I suppose, sucked to death by the gloomy tyrant. Mr. *Hogarth* has heard of Mr. *Pitt's* being *above* all his fellow-citizens, and of his superior virtue having

ing raised him to an envied and dangerous height of grandeur. Now this he has taken literally, and, with the kind aid of *Callot*, has put Mr. *Pitt* on stilts, and made the people look up to him; which, after all this insipid ridicule, they will continue to do, as a kind of tutelar deity, from whom they expect that security and those blessings they despair of from others. As to the conceit of the *bellows*, to signify, I suppose, Mr. *Pitt's* endeavours to blow up the flames of war and discord, it is at once very poor and very false. His whole conduct the last session in parliament, and out of the house ever since, has demonstrated the contrary: *neque vero hoc oratione solum, sed multo magis vità et moribus comprobavit.* Cic. de Fin.

Lord *Temple* is a nobleman of fine parts and unsullied honour, who has shewn a thorough disinterestedness, a great love of liberty, and a steady attachment to the public, in every part of his conduct through life. It was impossible such a character could be missed by the poisoned shafts of envy, which we see pointed at a superior virtue. He has, besides, the merit of joining in the *written reasons* of the 18th September. This too can never be forgiven for the nation is now convinced that had the

been followed, the *British* standard had long
 before this been flying on the walls of the *Ha-*
annah, and the solid mass of strength in *North*
America collected by Mr. *Pitt*, had not melted
 away in the hospitals at *Cuba*. We should
 not then have had the elements to fight with,
 or to frustrate those great attempts which our
 enemies despaired of baffling, had they been
 made with prudence and a most necessary re-
 gard to the season and climate. What a
 scandalous sacrifice has there been of our
 brave countrymen from our ill-timing of this
 important expedition! A minister must not
 only possess a very *narrow*, but a very *wicked*
genius, who can consider this as an event that
 saves expence, and frees us from so many mouths
 that were to be fed, and bodies that were to be
 clothed. This is another humane instance of
 ministerial *æconomy*. No envy will attend such
 ministers. Contempt and horror will. I
 must here observe, that there is one merit as-
 cribed to lord *Temple* by the *Briton*, to which
 he has no kind of pretence. I mean the *having*
delivered such fine orations among the independent
members of Westminster, when he inveighed with
the force of energy and argument against the
ministers who directed the helm of government.
 Now I will venture to say, that lord *Temple*
 never

never once set his foot among *the independent electors of Westminster*; although I must confess that Mr. *George Grenville* FREQUENTLY did, after his first introduction to that worthy body, by the mirror of patriots and placemen *Paul Whitehead*, Esq. who has since had the grace to take shame to himself for it. Mr. *Hogarth's* wit on this noble lord is confined to the wretched conceits of the *Temple coffee-house* and a *squirt* to signify the *playing on* the ministry. I really believe this wit is all Mr. *Hogarth's* own.

When a man of parts dedicates his talents to the service of his country, he deserves the highest rewards: when he makes them subservient to base purposes, he merits execration and punishment. Among the *Spartans*, music and poetry were made to serve the noblest ends of the *Lacedemonian* state. A manly courage and great contempt of death were inspired in them, and the poet, musician, soldier, and patriot were often the same good citizen, who despised the low *mechanic lucre* of the profession and was zealous only for the glory of his country. In the year 1746, when the *Guards* were ordered to march to *Finchley*, on the most important service they could be employed in, the extinguishing a *Scottish Rebellion*, which

threatened the very existence of the British Empire. This is

threatened the intire ruin of the illustrious family on the throne, and, in consequence, of our liberties, Mr. *Hogarth* came out with a print to make them ridiculous to their countrymen and to all *Europe*; or perhaps it rather was to tell the *Scots* in his way how little the Guards were to be feared, and that they might safely advance. That the ridicule might not stop here, and that it might be as offensive as possible to his own *sovereign*, he dedicated the print to the king of *Pru[s]ia**, as an encourager of arts. Is this patriotism! In old *Rome*, or in any of the *Grecian* states, he would have been published as a profligate citizen, totally devoid of all principle. In *England* he is rewarded, and made *serjeant* painter to that very king's grandson. I think the term means the same as what is vulgarly called *house-painter*; and indeed he has not been suffered to caricature the royal family. The post of portrait painter is given to a *Scotsman*, one *Ramsay*. Mr. *Hogarth* is only to paint the wainscot of the rooms, in the phrase of the art, may be called their *pannel-painter*. But how have the Guards offended Mr. *Hogarth*, for he is again attacking them in *THE TIMES*? Lord *Harrington's* second troop of grenadier guards is allowed to be very perfect in every part of military discipline;

This is the orthography of Mr. *Hogarth*. See the Print.

L

pline;

pline; and *Hogarth's* friend, the king of *Prussia*, could have shewn him the real importance of it. He had heard them much applauded, and therefore must abuse them. The ridicule ends however in *airs composed by Harrington*, and in a piece of *clockwork*; but he ought to have known, that though *l'homme machine* is not sound philosophy, it is the true doctrine of tactics.

The *Militia* has received so many just testimonies of applause, both from their king and country, that the attack of envy and malevolence was long expected. But I dare say this poor jester will have Mr. *George Townshend's* free consent to vent his spleen upon him and the gentlemen of *Norfolk*. I believe he may ever go on in this way almost unnoticed; at one time ridiculing the *Guards* for a *disorderly*, and at another the *Militia* for an exact and *orderly* march. Mr. *Townshend* will still have the warm applause of his country, and the truest satisfaction, that of an honest heart, for his patriotic labours in establishing this great plan of internal defence, a *Militia*, which has delivered us from the ignominy of *foreign hirelings*, and the ridiculous fears of invasion, by a brave and well-disciplined body of *Englishmen*, at all times ready and zealous for the defence of their country and of its laws and constitution.

THE NORTH BRITON

Numb. XVIII. Saturday, Oct. 2, 1762.

Because, even because they have seduced my people, saying, Peace, and there was no Peace! and one built up a Wall, and lo! others daubed it with untempered mortar. Say unto them, which daub it with untempered mortar, that it shall fall.

BIBLE.

IN the present situation of affairs, when *Peace* is the great object of every man's attention, it is extremely natural that it should be the general subject of conversation. It is no less surprising to hear how differently men think and speak of it now, from what they did during the late popular administration. *Peace* was then considered by *our enemies*, the ENGLISH, as the most desirable of all blessings, but is now spoken of as the greatest of all misfortunes, and to make *peace* and to ruin the nation are esteemed by them terms of the same import. This difference can arise only from their apprehensions that the terms of *peace* now will not be so advantageous to this nation, as those on which Mr. Mr. PITT had formed himself.

himself. But what foundation have they for these apprehensions, what shadow of reason for these fears? Is it that the situation of our affairs is altered, and therefore they fear an alteration in the terms of peace, or that they have a bad opinion of my worthy countryman, and distrust his integrity, or his abilities, or both? One of these must be the cause of the present clamour, tho' neither of them should in reason be so. As to the situation of our affairs, they never were in a more flourishing condition, and as to my lord BUTE, is it not sufficient to say that he has done no good, unless they can prove that he has done harm? Happily would it often have been for this kingdom if her ministers had been of such a complexion as to do neither the one nor the other! But if we seriously and impartially examine things, we shall find both from the manner in which the war has been carried on during the present administration, the unusual and amazing success we have met with, the caution with which we have entered into the negotiation, and the person who is appointed to conduct it, that as we have a clear right to demand, so have we the greatest reason in the world to expect such terms as may prove of solid and lasting advantage to these kingdoms. •

It is agreed on all hands, that England in her wars with France should never sheath the sword till *Peace* is absolutely concluded. The wicked policy of that nation, their superior address in negotiation, their total disregard of faith, and their known arts of spinning out treaties merely to gain time to recover strength, without any real intention of bringing them to a conclusion, have taught us this lesson, although we have seldom been prudent enough to put it in practice. In justice to the present administration however it must be allowed, that they have profited by the mistakes of their predecessors. Willing to make peace, yet they shew themselves ready to make war, and prudently consider a suspension of arms as advantageous only to the weaker party. It must be confessed, indeed, that they have not sheathed the sword in the bowels of the enemy, but they have gloriously kept it hanging over their heads: moved by christian charity, they have not done the French any actual harm; but when they have plainly enough shewn the power of doing it, if they will; a power which they will no doubt exert, if, contrary to good faith, France, having recovered her spirits and strengthened herself with new alliances during the course of a long and fruitless negotiation, should think proper to renew the war. To fit

out great and mighty fleets, to block up the French and Spanish fleets in their ports, or to defeat them if they came out, unless they were going to *Newfoundland*, was what every sanguine Englishman would have promised to himself beyond all doubt. But to let our fleets lie rotting in port, to suffer our men to be enervated with sloth, and to dissolve in inactivity, to squander away our treasures, and to send out, merely by way of amusement and to take the air, our bravest admirals and our strongest fleets, at a time when we are engaged in a war with France and Spain, these are instances of such a confident and well-grounded superiority, as must strike terror into our enemies, and reflect the highest credit on that administration for whom alone such glorious proofs of power were reserved.

It must not however be dissembled, that we have met with some petty mortifications during this glorious period. *Newfoundland* is lost; but what is *Newfoundland*? Apply for information to the BRITON, apply to the AUDITOR, and they shall tell you that it is a place of little or no consequence either to the FRENCH or ENGLISH. Those nations indeed have almost from the time of its first settlement been contending for it as a place of the utmost importance; but they greatly over-rated it; the BRITON

TON and AUDITOR have fixed its true value; they assert it, and their assertions are proofs. As to the disappointment which we met with on the coast of *France* in the late secret expedition, that rather reflects honour than discredit on those ministers, who took such prudent steps as prevented it from transpiring, and becoming matter of complaint to a turbulent and discontented people, a people of such a disposition, that *they ought to be ruled with a rod of iron*. As to the great expedition under Admiral HAWKE, which hath occasioned such murmurs, the odium ought to fall on Mr. PITT and the ADMIRAL: on Mr. PITT, for not accustoming fleets to go out *merely to come back again*, and on the ADMIRAL, for preferring honour to safety, and the daring but dangerous directions of the former minister to the good-humoured and safe commands of the present. But however malcontents may endeavour to aggravate these trifles, yet one action more than balances them; I mean that great, that *glorious event*, the taking of the HERMIONE; an event of such *national consequence*, and so *unequalled* in history, that our *new ally* Mr. HOGARTH ingeniously insinuates, that it more than counterpoises all our losses, and is alone sufficient to establish the credit of the present ministry.

Our

Our success therefore gives us a right to demand, and the spirit with which the ministry have carried on the war, a probability of obtaining a good peace; and notwithstanding the popular cry which hath industriously been raised against them, I am apt to think that under the auspices of our great patron, we shall see a happy end of this war. In this opinion I am the rather confirmed, because in our present situation I do not see how he can make a bad *peace* without the most imminent danger to himself. A nation elated with such successes, promising to herself the advantages of a secure and extended commerce in peace to reimburse the charges of a long and burdensome war, can never tamely suffer the fruits of their labours to be lost: nor indeed is there any one inducement to precipitate us into a *peace*. Was the minister distrusted, and did he find any difficulty in raising supplies to carry on the war, this might prompt an ambitious man to patch up a *peace* on any terms, and to sacrifice the interest of a whole nation to his thirst of power; but blessed be St. Andrew, this is so far from being the case, that I trust never was minister more respected or beloved. His private life bears witness to his integrity; the course of his administration, short as it hath been, loudly speaks his amazing capacity; and both together

ther have purchased that intire confidence throughout the nation, and especially in the city of LONDON, that their purses are as much at his command as their hearts. Thus situated, he can have no inducement to make a bad peace; and the appointment of that great duke to the embassy, is a proof that he hath no such intentions. His truly patriot spirit, his known love of his country, his clearness of head, equal to the clearness of his heart, sufficiently secure us from any reasonable apprehensions on this point. Had a person been sent who on all occasions had lamented our successes, whose avarice was known to wish an end to the war on any terms, merely on account of the land-tax: whose pride was equalled by nothing but his ignorance; whose spirit was too great to think before he adopted an opinion, and his understanding too weak to suffer any change after he had adopted it; from the management of such a man, I own we should have every thing to fear, whereas now we have every thing to hope.

TO THE NORTH BRITON.

SIR,

Sept. 30.

THE news of the reduction of the *Havannah* which arrived last night, gives me the sincerest pleasure, but I must say suggests

gests to me at the same time, some painful apprehensions with relation to the manner in which it is to be disposed of in case of a *peace*. Surely we can never think of immediately giving up what has cost us the precious blood of so many brave *Englishmen*, and of gratifying the insolent Spaniard with a sacrifice of such numbers of our fellow subjects. If it is to be surrendered, which the people seem to take for granted, we certainly have a right to expect those articles, on which they grounded the present war, to be determined in our favour. The consequence of the Havannah to the Spaniards we all know; and I hope we shall not be so wantonly generous, as not to make an advantage of it. I am anxious to hear the particulars of the siege, and shall with the heart of an Englishman read an account of my countrymen; the return of one of whom the gallant Capt. *Hervey*, whose behaviour on this occasion renders him dear to every Englishman, gives me the truest satisfaction.

I am, SIR, your's, &c.

THE NORTH BRITON.

Numb. XIX. Saturday, Oct. 9, 1762

Superior virtue, wisdom, might,
Create and mark the ruler's right,
So reason must conclude ;
Then thine it is, to whom belong
The wise, the virtuous, and the strong,
Thrice sacred multitude !

ODE TO MANKIND,

THE following letter, which I have received from *Trowbridge* in *Wiltshire*, I offer to the public entire, because it glows throughout with the true spirit of liberty, and carries with it that strength of argument, and force of conviction which must captivate every candid mind beyond all the subtleties and sophisms of the *Wandsworth* epistle.

TO THE NORTH BRITON.

S I R,

Sept. 22.

AS the BRITON, of Saturday the 11th instant, is an impudent libel on all the good people of *England* in general, as well as
on

on the city of LONDON in particular, representing all the *nobility, gentry, merchants, tradesmen, yeomen*, and all the *commonalty*, as a seditious rabble, which despises all government, because they express a dislike to some measures relative to a *peace*; and as our constitution is reproached with being an *ochlocracy*, or mob-common-wealth, because it permits our people to murmur with impunity at the conduct they cannot approve, which by the bye is inculcating the vilest tyranny ever practised by the worst monsters of all the *Roman* emperors, pray indulge me in communicating to the public a few remarks upon so extraordinary a performance.

I must first observe, that this advocate of tyranny and despiser of the people sets out with some foolish remarks upon modern philosophers, which being trifling and insignificant I shall pass them over without any farther notice. He then informs us “ *that there are* “ *set of speculative philosophical reformers who* “ *have espoused the plebeian interest, from a* “ *innate aversion to all order and restraint*.” This is, we must confess, a very extraordinary position. *Philosophers espousing the interests of mankind from an innate aversion to all order and restraint.* Wonderful truly! But pray who are those philosophers? What are their names?

When

Where were they born? I believe they received their first existence in this fellow's brains; for no one ever heard of such monsters before. *Moses, Minos, Zaleucus, Plato, Aristotle, Tully, Tacitus, Machiavel, Harrington, Nevil, Sidney, Locke, and Gordon*, have all written upon government; but I never heard, that any of them were accused of being philosophers, *who hated all order*. This extraordinary species of philosophers was reserved for the discovery of that extraordinary genius, the author of the BRITON. Well; philosophical politicians espousing the interests of mankind from an aversion to order! Could any poor creature write such stuff, unless one lately eloped from *Bedlam*?

He proceeds and observes, that it is "*to be hoped some of these politicians, who have an aversion to order, are instigated to it by motives of humanity and benevolence*" and then concludes, "*that such a disposition is mistaken philanthropy.*" What a profound discovery! What admirable sentiment! O reader! if that you canst read, read this paragraph of our author's again and again, for thy instruction in politics. But now for the root of this political ail, this philosophical aversion to order, arising from a regard to the interests of the people. This, our author tells us, proceeds from

from (remark him !) *the opinion that every individual is equally free by nature; and hence has an equal right to intermeddle in the administration of public affairs: a principle, he says, subversive of all government.*

Government is a just execution of the laws, which were instituted by the people for their preservation: but if the people's implements, to whom they have trusted the execution of those laws, or any power for their preservation, should convert such execution to their destruction, have they not a right to intermeddle? Nay, have they not a right to resume the power they have delegated, and to punish their servants who have abused it? If *our king can do no wrong*, his ministers may, and are accountable to the people for their conduct. This is the voice of *Locke*, the voice of our laws, the voice of reason; but we own not the voice of tyrants and their abettors, not the voice of the *Briton*. On the contrary, this wretch preaches up the doctrine, that some part of mankind, namely the mass, are born slaves, who ought implicitly to be submissive to the caprices of a few, who by accident, knavery, or cunning shall wriggle themselves into power. One would think this doctrine came into *England* or was transplanted into this country, from

the heritable jurisdictions in the Highlands of Scotland. We are plainly told, that though we are passengers in the state-vessel, and see the pilot going to run her on the rocks, and make a wreck of her, and a boat provided for his own escape, yet we must blindly submit, and, without a murmur, suffer the villain to execute his hellish purpose: nor dare to intermeddle with the helm, though we know we shall go to the bottom, unless we tip him overboard, tack, and steer another way.

This is admirable doctrine truly! The four last years of queen *Anne* did not produce finer powers from the garden of tyranny than this. Observe, *Britons*, what this despicable wretch, and tool of some in power, would reduce you to. Are these the sentiments of his paymasters? Is this the cue given him in his instructions, to boldly assert, that *Englishmen* are all born to be slaves to a few persons, who happen either by accident to possess a larger fortune, or by his own lewdness and debauchery, or by the wicked mean arts of a father or a grandfather, to worm themselves into an estate, and thence wriggle into power, though originally the dregs of the mob? O thou most excellent philanthropist! Thy politics qualify thee to be *Reis Effendi*, or secretary of state to the Grand Signior, the Great Mogul, the Inquisition,

quisition, or the Emperor of *Morocco*. How would the *Dionysii*, *Agathocles*, *Phalaris*, *Nero*, *Domitian*, and *Commodus*, have hugged such a counsellor of state, such an abettor, such an excellent politician ! Well ; it being granted that the bulk of mankind being born slaves to a few, who have by base arts wriggled themselves into the administration of the government of a country, it hence follows, that any of those slaves dare to censure their conduct, they are guilty of high-treason ; such behaviour “ being subversive of all government, and a principle destructive of a national industry and quiet, as well as repugnant to every fundamental maxim of society.” Here he has mistaken the proper word, he should have said, *maxim of TYRANNY*.

We hope this advocate for despotic power and slavery, who seems rather to have been born, adapted, and formed for the instruction of the court of *Nero*, than for the model of the court of so gracious a prince as *GEORGE III.* is not countenanced in his invectives against liberty, and in reviling the free constitution and laws of his country, nor in publishing panegyrics on slavery and tyranny, by him in power : if he should, the Lord have mercy on us !

In the reigns of the *Roman* tyrants there sprung up often wretches, the very stamp of the author of the *BRITON*, who were the busy implements and flatterers of those monsters of oppression, and the bane of innocence and all virtue. But I do not remember, that any such appeared in the reigns of *Vespasian*, *Titus*, *Trajan*, *Antoninus*, or *Marcus Aurelius*, or in case they did, if I mistake not, *Tacitus* informs us, all such wretches were driven from the court and the city, under those good emperors, as the most pernicious vermin, and the pests of the human race. We hope therefore that this traitor to his country, this traducer and slander of its laws, this reviler of its constitution, this advocate of tyranny and absolute power, will be soon taken into custody by Mr. *Carrington*, for abusing the form of our government, and disgracing the reign of our gracious sovereign, by publishing a plea for tyranny, and asserting it to be a part of our constitution. Such a wretch ought to be punished as an incendiary, that must create fears, jealousies, and heart-burnings among his master's good subjects, and make them suspicious that some attempt is going to be made upon their liberties. What do not the demerits of such a wretch deserve from his injured fellow-citizens?

M

As

As if this scribbler had not sufficiently displayed his ignorance and love of tyranny; he proceeds and tells us, "That to give a just idea of a mob-ruled common-wealth, we need only peruse the histories of *Athens* and *Rome* during those periods at which their governments were republican: there (says he) we shall meet with nothing but faction, animosity, persecution, ingratitude, and dissension." We would ask him, whether this republican form of government introduced so many miseries among the people, or brought so many distresses upon human nature, as the despotic and arbitrary forms have done? In case he should assert they had, he must be a most impudent or a most ignorant fellow. I would ask him if he had not rather live in the canton of *Bern*, *England*, or in *Holland*, than in *Russia*, *Turkey*, *Persia*, or *Indostan*?

But the author of the *BRITON* must be a very ignorant fellow, as well as impudent one for what he says of the Athenians, and their government, is the grossest falsehood or misrepresentation: the *Thetes* had no share of the magistracy; they could only assent to, or dissent from, what was proposed to them. However, when *Aristides* for a short time rendered them capable of office, they always modestly left the magistracy to their betters: though

was during the zenith of the *ochlocracy* that they performed their greatest exploits and acquired their highest renown. They consisted only of about twenty thousand families, and yet they became lords paramount of all Greece, excelled in all arts and arms, subdued all the Egean isles, were masters of the seas, extended their conquests to Egypt, often defeated the great king of Persia, and always kept him in awe; and, as Aristophanes observes, reduced a thousand cities under their dominion. But when this mob-government was abolished, and approached nearer to the *aristocratical*, they sunk in their reputation, and elapsed into baseness and corruption.

I will give one instance of the justice and greatness of soul to be met with in this mob-government. *Themistocles* proposed a great advantage to Athens, but said, to discover what was would prove its defeat: the *mob* ordered him to communicate it to *Aristides*, who informed them it was *advantageous*, but *unjust*: upon which they rejected it, chusing rather to sacrifice their interest than integrity. But the *Lacedæmonians*, ruled by kings, *Thucydides* says, held for honest what *pleased*, and for honourable what *profited*: yet the BRITON errs with his usual impudence, that the Athenians were a mob, among whom nothing

reigned but factions, animosity, ingratitude, and disquiet. Surely this writer must be either a most ignorant or a most abandoned profligate, thus to falsify history to deceive and abuse the people. It is true, historians inform us, that when they were free from foreign wars, they were often employed in domestic feuds, the ambition and emulation of their great men, never failing to raise disturbances among their fellow-citizens, and to divide them into parties and factions, &c. But all their contentions were the work of their leaders, not of the mass of the people, who would have been glad to have lived at peace, had it not been for the ambition, oppression, and violence of the great, who were continually, both at *Rome* and *Athens*, labouring to oppress them and deprive them of their liberties and privileges.

Thus we have most clearly proved, that this pedlar in small-ware politics has taken upon him to abuse the Athenians as a mob and their government as anarchy, without knowing their history. His accounts of the *Athenians* and *Romans* are nearly as similar to truth, as his averring that the present citizens, merchants, traders, and commonalty of *LONDON*, are just such another rabble as the mob under *Wat Tyler* and *Jack Straw* was formerly. He has given all manner of latitude and scope

to his imagination, and indulged falshood in all her wanton levities: he has dived deep in all kind of filth, emerged loaded with mud, and with this dirt bedaubed his fellow-citizens, the constitution, and the laws of his country.

And now, Sir, indulge me with an *apostrophe*, for I cannot help crying out, Ye worthy citizens of *London*, see! a foul-mouthed ruffian, with the spirit of a parricide and the inquisition, with the infernal rage of a fiend broke loose from the regions of darkness, attack your favourite goddess *LIBERTY* on her throne, surrounded by you her most zealous votaries; rend her sacred vestments, besmear her with dirt, squirt his venomous excrements in her face, lash her with the keen whips of reproach, and at last, to complete his malice, with the frantic fury of a *Clement*, a *Ravillac*, or a *Damien*, rush forward to plunge a dagger in her heart! O execrable parricide!

When his insulting libels enter your assemblies, why do you not arise, and with honest indignation tear them to pieces, and offer up the mangled fragments to *Vulcan*? Unless you choose to reserve them for a more ignominious use. You neither want for capacity to discern his insults, nor for spirit to resent the abuse: no; for to do you justice, I must say, whatever the pride of presumption and the

swell of vanity may induce some persons to think, the *merchants* of *London*, in their collective capacity, possess more honest, useful, political knowledge, and understand more of the true interest of their country, than all the ministers of state ever discovered, or were masters of, who have appeared in Britain since the invasion of *Julius Cæsar*; however their honest voice may be despised by empty vanity and proud conceit. They have made tyrants tremble on their thrones, and dyed the scaffold with the blood of pernicious, wicked counsellors. That they may always prosper in such pursuits, and confound the machinations of all such advocates for tyranny and slavery at the BRITON and his patrons, is the hearty prayer of,

Sir, your most humble servant,

WILLIAM TEMPLE

TO THE NORTH BRITON

S I R,

IN the public Papers of last Saturday and Monday appeared the following advertisement:

“ The AUDITOR is called upon to lay
 “ fore the public the evidence on which
 “ advance

“advanced the infamous story at the end of
 “his last Thursday’s paper. It is certain that
 “NO CONVERSATION of any kind passed be-
 “tween the two persons supposed to be men-
 “tioned, except complimentary expressions some
 “months ago, in the presence of a right
 “honourable gentleman. The whole is an
 “entire and impudent falsehood; and if the
 “gentleman so alluded to was guilty of so
 “flagrant an outrage to honour, he ought to
 “be shunned as the pest of society.”

In answer to which the AUDITOR says, *the
 story is indeed infamous, but by whom is the
 AUDITOR called upon? Is it by the person charg-
 ed with that flagrant behaviour? And does he
 himself plead Not Guilty?* He is called upon
 by the person supposed to be charged with
 that flagrant behaviour, who does plead *Not
 Guilty*, and denies every circumstance of the
 charge.

Oct. 7.

I am, &c.

THE NORTH BRITON.

Numb. XX. Saturday, Oct. 16, 1762.

ENGLAND ! thy fault FRANCE hath in thee found out,
A nest of hollow bosoms. SHAKESPEARE.

THE AUDITOR, like other low mechanics in the service of the government, has of late been ordered to work *double tides*, and I suppose of consequence has received *double pay*. When the glad tidings of an *Auditor Extraordinary* were first by himself with such parade announced to the public, I could not suspect that he only meant to *double* the nauseous dose of the week. I thought that the *preliminaries*, or the *great outline* of the *peace*, would have been shadowed out, and the uneasy sensation of a fretful impatience for the appearance of that truly *extraordinary* paper preyed upon me. My disappointment was most severe. I found nothing in the *Auditor Extraordinary* but a great deal of low abuse on the city of *London*, and a dull repetition of old fulsome, and outré compliments to *all his paymasters*; compliments which neither he, nor any other man in this country believes. He therefore, in sound policy, has most judi-

ciously

ciouſly made his appeal to a *Chineſe philoſopher*, whom he ſoon cures of all his prejudices in favour of this nation; but then, on the other hand, he has given us ſuch a ſpecimen of the *Chineſe* in ſo ſimple a fellow, that we cannot but laugh in our turn at that *wiſe* nation. In a former paper he had referred the deciſion of ſome conſtitutional points to the ſtupid, drunken *Cherokee king**, who *would* not even articulate, and to his *ideal* majeſty of *Brobdingnag*, who *would* not answer him. He has never once ventured to make the appeal to a cool candid Engliſhman.

The poor *Chineſe*, whom he has dragged to London, is firſt fed with ſoft, inſipid pap, and afterwards with the rankeſt poiſon. He is told, that when he firſt *enters this metropolis*, he will meet with *daily and weekly libels againſt a miniſtry LEGALLY APPOINTED by the ſovereign power*. How ſoon will this foreigner learn the beauties of the Engliſh language! Not only *daily* but even *weekly* libels. Has the validity of the appointment of the miniſtry been ever diſputed? I have only heard that the *prudence and ſiſneſs* of the choice, from the known incapacity of the perſons, has been indeed very highly arraigned. I will illuſtrate

* The *Cherokee king* was at this time in London.

this

this by a similar case: *Cibber* and *Whitehead* were as legally appointed laureats as *Johnson* and *Dryden*: The *legality* never came into question, but the *absurdity of the choice* was the object of just ridicule with the public. But though our *Chinese* is indeed very foolish, he could scarcely avoid making this very obvious remark, that if there are *weekly*, nay *daily* papers, issued against the ministry, it is impossible they can have the confidence of the nation, or the hearts of the people with them. He would be apt to enquire if the late ministry were every *week*, every *day*, attacked by their own countrymen; and if we were (in the AUDITOR's words) *torn with party contentions amongst ourselves, or distracted with different views*, while they held the reins of administration. When he was told that *no* writings of that kind then appeared, he must conclude that the late ministry had the full approbation of their country, and was founded in the love and confidence of the people, who, he would find, were known to wish for their continuance and *weekly, daily* expressed not only their dislike but their alarming apprehensions of our present minister, with an openness and spirit warranted by the constitution. His inference would be easy and natural, that there is now something

not merely suspicious, but *unsafe* and *rotten* in the state of administration.

The *Auditor* has very obligingly taken care that we shall not remain in any doubt who the new ministry are, thus *legally appointed by the sovereign power*. In a former paper he has given us an imitation of *Swift's* political dictionary of the fashionable words *church, tory, party, &c.* He tells us the present ministry are *two Scotsmen, together with the lord high chancellor, the right honourable the earls of Egremont, Halifax, Talbot, lord Barrington, Sir Francis Dashwood, Sir John Turner, George Grenville, esq. Charles Townshend, esq. &c.* I believe statesmen of such opposite, incoherent, and heterogeneous principles were never before huddled together. The confusion and fermentation which has followed this unnatural mixture we have all seen. I am not so much surprized at finding Mr. *Townshend* at the *far* end of this list, and after some gentlemen now for the first moment, *to their own surprise*, dubb'd *statesmen*, as I am to find him mentioned at all by the *Auditor*. My reason is, that this statesman is not the *slave of power*, nor the creature of the minister. Acknowledged ability and superior talents have alone raised him, and he now holds a great office*, to the entire

* Mr. *Townshend* was at that Time Secretary at War.

satisfaction of the public, on the most free and independent terms. He has never stooped to the low arts of cringing to favourites; nor would he ever submit to the insolent controul of a ministerial bashaw. I will answer for him that he will never suffer *his way to be prescribed to him by any proud Scot*. He has proved himself no less the faithful servant of the public than of the prince, and in place has ever preserved the rights of office, the manliness of his character, and a thorough independency in all his conduct. From these considerations it has necessarily happened that no great confidence has at any time been placed by the present ministry in this gentleman. On the contrary, a jealousy and distrust of him have on many occasions indecently broke out.

Two other motives have likewise concurred and they have both effectually prevented his wonderful abilities and most powerful eloquence ever gaining that ascendancy in the cabinet which they have in parliament, and with the public at large. The first is derived partly from his family, partly from himself; the other is entirely *personal*. This gentleman is of a noble *whig* family, ever steadily attached to the *cause of liberty*, and to *revolution principles*; and has himself never been warped never for a moment deviated from the bright

path his ancestors have followed with so much
 spirit and applause. It is impossible therefore
 that he can enjoy the smiles of an administra-
 tion, which has *swept* the *Cocoa* for *statesmen* and
pensioners, or can really be in any high degree
 of court-favour, now the family on the throne
 have for some months ceased to govern by
 their firm friends the *whigs*, to whom we owe
 our liberties, and the *Brunswick* family, the
 glorious protectors of them. It is but justice
 too to declare, that the house of *Brunswick*
 owe their firm establishment on the throne of
 these kingdoms to the steady zeal and intre-
 pidity of the *whigs*. Besides, this gentleman
 has never *distressed* government. He has often
 supported it; and, in times of perplexity and
 embarrassment, has extricated a *weak* and *feeble*
 ministry, when a national concern has called
 for the exertion of his abilities. The papers
 relative to the extent of our rights in *Acadia*
 and *North America* were drawn up in so cor-
 rect, clear, and masterly a way, that they have
 derived it no room for the smallest cavil of the most
 bustling French negociator. This was of
 the most signal service to government, and
 was done at an age usually of levity and
 dissipation; yet is the whole performance so
 conspicuous and convincing, as well as polished
 and elegant, that the most experienced and re-
 fined

finest statesman might derive real honour from it. This gentleman has passed through almost all the scenes of national business, and in every part of public life has given the clearest proofs of his regard to the principles of liberty, and the rights of the people, secured by the *Revolution*. I therefore rather wondered to find his name at all in the *Auditor's* list. It is upon this principle I suppose the *duke of Devonshire* is totally omitted. I think he is still *lord chamberlain*, though he is not to be ranked among the ministers. I am glad, however, that he still continues in that high office, as he may perhaps keep out a *Scotsman*; and I hope that no studied flights nor offensive behaviour will induce him to gratify his and our adversary, by an ill-timed resignation. I trust that he will, after the great example of his noble house, pledge himself to the public as the firm and zealous supporter of those old *whigs* whom he knows to be the true friends of his country, and whose attachment to him is so visible to all mankind, and so thoroughly to be depended upon in the most arduous moments.

My other motive for believing that *Mr. Townshend* has no share of ministerial confidence, is my knowledge of his superior genius and abilities. The splendor of a great genius

is offensive to men of narrow and mean understanding. His intuitive eye would pierce too far into things not fit, perhaps, to be seen at all, much less to be viewed narrowly by an accurate observer. He joins to an infinite fire of imagination and brilliancy of wit, a cool and solid judgment, a wonderful capacity for business of every kind, the most intense application to it, and a consummate knowledge of the great commercial interests of this country, which I never heard were before united in the same person. Such a man can never be suffered by a *weak minister* to rise to any very considerable degree of power or influence. If such abilities as he possesses should bear him through, it must end in the minister's ruin.

I have not done with the *Auditor's* list, though I shall at present dwell a very little while longer on it. He says, that *he has barely done justice to the characters of those who fill the first departments of the state. Let the most in-terrate dealers in calumny single out one of them, and then point out a moral turpitude in his conduct. If they cannot do this, &c.* Now I will keep just to the *windward of the law*, and will affirm that the public records of the courts of justice of this kingdom bear testimony to the falsehood of this assertion. Yet with a candour unknown to the *Auditor*, I will be free to own, that

that what I dare to allude to is not a transaction which would blast the reputation of a man of honour. I speak now according to modern ideas of honour and gallantry, and he knows that I allude to *more than one* fact of very immoral turpitude, established on oath in a long course of judicial proceedings. Any man who has lived in the world will immediately, on casting his eye over the names of the worthies given us by the *Auditor*, recollect a hundred entertaining anecdotes to be parcelled out among the proprietors of that list, and will despise a venal scribbler, who can prostitute his pen to so infamous a purpose. This extravagant encomium is in reality the most biting invective I have read, excepting only the following cruel satire on the whole body of the English nobility. *The person, who has exhausted all their calumny, is perhaps the most distinguished of the nobility for integrity of life, for the enlargement of his understanding, for the feelings of humanity, and the unblemished honesty of his character.* If this really is the case, I wonder not that the *House of Lords* is of so very little consequence in this nation; I rather think it ought to be of none at all, and must sink into contempt. But surely the public has very little to do with the private life and morals of a minister: let him discharge the duty he owes

to the state with fidelity and integrity (with capacity he cannot) and I will not follow him in his private hours of retirement. Whether they pass in the most trifling amusements, in the wonderful disquisitions of a little genius on cockle-shells, flowers and plants, or in the hidden, gloomy recesses of guilt, shall not be my enquiry.

As I am to keep company with the *Auditor* this week, I shall take notice of a trifling charge brought against me by him some time ago. He says, with a proper distribution of asterisks (for that, let me tell you, is a nostrum for applause, people strangely admiring what they do not understand) you may insinuate, to the bitter end of a certain nobleman, who that somebody is; and afterwards he adds, I would have you choose some piece of deep scandal; recollect all that has ever been charged upon favourites, then dispose of your asterisks * * * * *, and thus the business is done. I do not mean to tire my good friend the *Auditor*; it will not take him up much time; but I will beg him to count them, and tell me how many stars he has found in all the numbers of the *North Briton*. I desire so pitiful an evasion. The laws of my country are my protection; my only patron is the PUBLIC, to which I will ever make my appeal, and hold it sacred. I would not use

any *stars*, though I could dispose them as judiciously, and in as proper numbers, as that amazing comic genius *Tristram Shandy*; unless indeed I meant them to the same comic purpose.

Numb. XXI. Saturday, Oct. 23, 1762

Semper ego AUDITOR tantum, nunquamne reponam?

Still shall I hear, and never quit the score?

JUVENAL

AS the attack which was made on the 30th of September by my good friend the AUDITOR, on a gentleman of known reputation, took its rise entirely from a supposition of that gentleman's being concerned in this paper, and consequently opposed to falsehood and the AUDITOR, we think it our duty to take every occasion, which offers, of giving the injured party the most public opportunities of vindicating his innocence, and exposing to general contempt a writer, who hath, in the most positive manner, asserted facts, which, when called upon, he hath not even attempted to prove, and broached a rank and infamous falsehood, which he hath neither courage to maintain, nor honesty

to acknowledge. Two reasons there were indeed which induced us to wish that this affair might not have been canvassed, that it might be considered as the lie of the day, and, like many other instances of the AUDITOR's happy invention, been wholly disregarded. The one was the character of the gentleman at whom the slander was pointed, and the other the character of the writer by whom it was directed. All who knew the first, must immediately have declared him incapable of such behaviour; and all who knew the last, must have acknowledged him capable of saying or doing any thing which was disingenuous or mean. On these accounts it was impossible the story should ever meet with credit; and therefore we could have wished it had passed unnoticed; but since our correspondent is of a different opinion, and a strict and delicate sense of honour determines him to make as public a vindication of his innocence as the nature of the case will admit, we with great cheerfulness insert the following genuine letters.

To the Rev. Dr. BURTON,

Head-Master of Winchester-College.

S I R,

WINCHESTER, Oct. 19.

I AM really sorry that it is now become necessary for me to make *another* application to you in relation to the charge supposed to be brought against me in the AUDITOR of the 30th of September. The name of a young gentleman* under your care has been publicly made use of to give sanction to a falsehood, and to blast a character, which I have to say, not the slightest stain of dishonour has ever spotted. I am conscious of the most perfect innocence as to every article of this charge, and I desire that the proof of this may be as public as the accusation has been. One natural and obvious method of coming at the truth is certainly by an examination of the youth himself. I beg most earnestly that this may be in the presence of yourself, and the young gentlemen of the college; and, being thus accused, I should hope to be indulged with being at the examination. I am satisfied that the young gentleman will not to my face advance so gross an untruth, as that he has had *one moment's conversation* with me, since *Sir Francis Dashwood* left

* A Son of the earl of Bute.

Winchester in the spring. *Sir Francis* will do me the justice of telling the world, how civil and obliging, and how becoming us both, were the very few conversations we had together, and they all passed in his presence.

Give me leave, Sir, to remind you, that a very few weeks ago a complaint was made to me of an insult offered to the young gentlemen of the college by some soldiers of the *Buckinghamshire* regiment, which I have the honour of commanding. I made the most immediate enquiry, and found the complaint to have been well founded. I ordered a very exemplary punishment, which was in part inflicted; the rest, at the request of yourself and the young gentlemen, was remitted. By my express orders pardon was asked of the college in a public manner. I hope, that injured as I am, I shall be indulged in the request I make of an enquiry into so heinous a charge brought against me, and said to be supported by a young gentleman under your care. Truth and justice make this strong claim for me, and from the fairness of *Dr. Burton's* character, I am persuaded that he will not suffer the least failure of justice, and that I shall meet with the only two things I ask, candour and impartiality

What I have proposed, must, I think, strike a sensible mind as a probable method of finding out the truth. *That* evidence would be *direct*; the *collateral* evidence is as full as I could wish. Dr. *Brocklesby*, physician to the army, has given the strongest written testimony in my justification. I inclose his account of a strange political dialogue, which passed in the bookseller's shop here, at which only the young gentleman, the doctor, and the bookseller were present. I believe this gave rise to the *fable* in the AUDITOR. The evidence of the bookseller will be found as express as the doctor's; no other person, by both their accounts, was present. I am most anxious for the examination of the young gentleman in any manner you chuse (but I hope that it will be public) because it is whispered that he affirms some of the particulars of the charge, which the *Auditor* has so finely cooked up. I declare upon *my honour*, that every particular of the charge is false. I will now just hint what I imagine, from all I have heard, is the real state of the fact. The youth has very frequently in the bookseller's shop abused me in the grossest terms. He knew so little of me, as to be afraid, if I heard of his behaviour, that I should complain to you; and he dreaded the punishment he thought must follow. To save him

self he has invented this curious tale, the falsity of which in every particular he knows better than any body. If this should appear to be the case, as I am persuaded it will, I will venture to say that it will give the noble lord his father more real concern than all the papers together, which have been published against him for the last twelvemonth.

You, Sir, have with so just applause formed the tender minds of youth to the noblest principles, and with such success have sown the seeds of virtue and honour, that I need not say how dear and precious to a liberal mind *good fame* is. The fairest virtue cannot escape calumny; but every man who has it in his power, is, by what ought to be the most cogent of all motives, a strict regard to justice, called upon to vindicate injured innocence.

All the papers I have referred to are inclosed. I beg you to peruse them at your leisure, and afterwards to return them to me.

I am, with great respect,

S I R,

Your most humble servant,

JOHN WILKES.

TO COLONEL WILKES.

S I R,

WHEN I had the honour of seeing you in my lodgings, I acquainted you with my resolution, that I would not concern myself in the affair: at the same time assured you I would not read any public papers relating to it. I have the honour to be with the greatest regard,

S I R,

Your most obedient humble servant,

Tuesday Morning. JOHN BURTON.

However willing we shall be, on all occasions, to comply with the desires of our correspondents we cannot by any means agree, *as desired*, in the present case, to lay these letters before the public, and leave each reader to make his own observations. We would not even wish to prevent our readers from having their opinions, but we never can consent to be tied up from giving our own.

Through the whole letter to the Master of Winchester college, there is a nice sense of honour, a proper spirit of resentment, and the

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earnest desire of an explanation, which truth is as desirous to obtain, as guilt and falsehood are careful to avoid. The request of a meeting with the young gentleman, under the circumstances there mentioned, is highly reasonable; it is what the injured party certainly has a right to expect, and what the master could not for any good reasons refuse; to which indeed we impute the beautiful brevity of his epistle, the general terms in which his refusal is couched, and the peremptory manner in which he shuts up every avenue to a fair and open explanation. I should be glad to know what the cautious and discreet master of that College would have thought, if, on his complaint against the soldier, the colonel had given an answer in his own way, and had positively told him, in his own words, *that he would not concern himself in the affair*. This I think is nearly a similar case. The person supposed to have raised this story laid the scene of it in a place and at a time when he was immediately under the direction of the master, and accountable to him for any misbehaviour. On what principles therefore he can avoid taking cognizance of the affair I cannot see, unless he considers himself appointed only as an instructor in languages, as one who has no charge of the heart, nothing to do with the morals.

morals of his pupils, and equally unconcerned whether they tread the paths of honour, or give themselves up to vice and meanness. Had the meeting required in this letter been agreed to, and let me say the honour of the young gentleman himself, *if innocent*, seemed loudly to demand it, the first rise and whole progress of this affair had been laid open, the public had been satisfied, the innocent cleared, and the guilty given up to that contempt they deserved: but since this is denied, we shall venture to give our opinions of the whole transaction, and of the persons concerned.

The young Gentleman, with a spirit which, every thing considered, is perhaps not to be disapproved, had thrown out much abuse against *Colonel Wilkes*, and either through fear of punishment, as our correspondent candidly intimates, or through a youthful warmth of disposition, and a desire of acquiring the reputation of resolution, invents a conference which never passed, substituting *Colonel Wilkes*, in the place of *Doctor Brocklesby*, and adapting circumstances to that ingenious transformation.

The AUDITOR (whose connexions with all the great families in the kingdom give him an opportunity of coming at private anecdotes) heard a plain, simple, and unvarnished tale, but having been charged by us with want of

inven

invention, determined at once to prove the falſeneſs of that charge and gratify his malice. The decorations of the ſtory therefore we may with much reaſon place to his account. The original falſehood, which was the ground work of all, is perhaps the property of the noble youth; the many incoherent fictions which were raiſed upon it, are probably embellishments added by the AUDITOR for his own credit.

Colonel *Wilkes*, conſcious of his own innocence, immediately took the alarm: he made a public declaration of his innocence; he called upon the AUDITOR, but in vain, to bring proofs of his aſſertion; he appealed to Sir *Francis Daſhwood*, with relation to his behaviour to the gentleman ſome months ſince; he called upon Doct^r *Brockleſby* to declare what he knew of it, who with all that honeſt readineſs which became a man of honour, not only exculpated him, but gave a probable account of the riſe of the fable; he even dared, which nothing but conſcious innocence would have dared, to appeal to the bookſeller who lived on the very ſpot, who was declared by the young gentleman himſelf, to have been preſent during the converſation, and who in the ſtrongest terms bore witneſs to the falſehood of the charge; and laſtly he begged, which I think

I think he had a right to insist on, to have a personal meeting, and to be brought face to face with his accuser. But this the *prudent Master* thought fit to refuse. It doth not appear indeed, either from *Colonel Wilkes's* letter to Dr. *Burton* or from his answer, that any reasons were given for that refusal. I must however have too good an opinion of a gentleman, placed at the head of *Winchester* school, to think that he acted without reason; his very situation implies *understanding*, though we have *formerly* met with some instances where it did not include *integrity*. The interest of his school, as well as the honour of his pupil, seem to exact a very different behaviour from that which the Doctor pursued, and yet I cannot believe that a master of *Winchester* school could act without reason. I am afraid indeed, that in these considerations I have overlooked the most material point, and thinking only of public concerns have forgot that the Doctor had a private interest of his own, which, however, have a saving faith, the Doctor will never forget. He will ever distinguish between power in, and out of power; between a Colonel engaged in the barren cause of Liberty almost alone, and a favourite with a troop of slavish courtiers at his heels, and bishopricks at his command. Motives of this kind prevented the

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clearing up this, as they have many other affairs of a like nature, and such considerations prevailed, for such only they could be, as interest might suggest, but honour would always despise.

Numb. XXII. Saturday, Oct. 30, 1762.

Versus inopes rerum, nugæque canoræ.

HOR.

Words void of sense, high wrought with trifling sounds.

AS our attention to the AUDITOR hath too often drawn us from our original design, and considerations of a public nature have been suspended for matters of private concern, we shall once more trespass on our political reader, though with much better reason, and introduce to his acquaintance those muses, whom modern bards have taught us to consider as strangers to every thing which passes in the world, as exiles from the cabinet, and fit only to wander in shady groves and flowery meads. The *gentleman to whom we are obliged for the following poem, seems to think very differently; and as we know no one who is better acquainted with those ladies than himself, we

* Robert Lloyd, Esq.

shall

shall certainly pay great respect to his judgment, especially when we have so good a proof of it, as that which we now present to the public.

It hath always been customary, and never with greater reason than at present, to consider *the birth of a prince* as a national blessing, as a cement of love and duty betwixt the king and his people, and a pledge of their future happiness to succeeding ages. In consequence of this opinion we always find addresses, flying on such occasions to the throne from every part of the nation, assurances of fidelity and protestations of joy are given in all the pomp of laboured language, and with all that awful form which such a solemnity requires. The common dull multitude are contented with humble prose, and satisfied if they speak so as to be understood, and to express the warmth and sincerity of their affection; but from our two universities, those seminaries of true virtue and sound learning, those bright and glorious luminaries of the literary world, something more is required, something of a sublimer nature, something which may shew their superiority over the vulgar herd, and for this end the muses are called in to consecrate their offerings.

On these occasions we have often seen, and not without great concern, whole pages

geth

gether cold and fulsome; the dull mechanical part of *versmanship* indeed is found, but the spirit of true poetry is wanting; and, every thing considered, how should it be otherwise? In one of these seats of learning, the muses are looked on with an evil eye, and in *both* persons are from situation compelled to write, who are chilled by age, who either were never acquainted with poetry at all, or have for many years bid adieu to it. Hence, and for some other reasons, which our reader's penetration will naturally suggest to him, this poetical tribute is scarcely worth the acceptance of the prince, and reflects but little credit on that respectable body by whom it is presented. To remedy this is the design of the present poem, in which the heads of colleges may learn once more the rules of verses, may see and rectify former mistakes, and make their next offering worthy the acceptance of that great personage whom they mean to congratulate.

In spite of some little severity which our poet shews in the following performance, we must think his observations generally just; but there is one thing, which he hath not taken notice of, and is undoubtedly calculated to give every lover of literature true pleasure. In these collections we often see the names of NOBLES affixed to particular copies, and from thence may rest assured

assured either that they have not forgotten to write, or, if they have, are unwilling that the world should know it.

As a NORTH BRITON we cannot help observing the presumption of the poet, who has included our *Scottish* universities, and dared to prescribe rules to men who are fit to give law to the world, ignorantly considering our great seminaries as on a footing with those antiquated names, OXFORD and CAMBRIDGE. Our taste for poetry is well known, and such performances we could produce as would stagger credibility. We must caution our reader therefore to consider every thing in the following piece which is pointed against the *Scots*, as the effects of prejudice and poetical fiction; and to justify him in this opinion we shall hereafter in a dearth of politics, present him with some compositions lately transmitted to us from that nation, which will shew them as far superior to the English in poetry, as in every other respect.

THE POETRY PROFESSOR

OLD ENGLAND has not lost her pray
And GEORGE the good has got an heir
A royal babe, a PRINCE of WALES.
—Poets ! I pity all your nails—

What reams of paper will be spoil'd |
 What *graduses* be daily foil'd |
 By inky fingers, greasy thumbs,
 Hunting the word that never comes !
 Now *Academics* pump their wits,
 And lash in vain their lazy *tits* ;
 In vain they whip, and lash, and spur,
 The callous jades will never stir ;
 Nor can they reach *Parnassus'* hill,
 Try every method which they will.
 Nay, shou'd the *tits* get on for once,
 Each rider is so grave a dunce,
 That, as I've heard good judges say,
 'Tis ten to one they'd lose their way.
 Tho' not one wit bestrides the back
 Of useful drudge, ycleped hack,
 But *fine bred things* of mettled blood,
 Hack'd from *Apollo's* royal stud,
 Greek, Roman, nay Arabian steeds,
 From those our mother country breeds ;
 Some ride ye *in*, and ride ye *out*,
 And to come *home* go round *about* ;
 Nor on the green sward, nor the road,
 And that I think they call an ODE.
 Some take the pleasant country air,
 And snack their whips and drive a pair,
 Each horse with bells which chink and chime,
 And so they march—and that is *rhime*.

O

Some

Some copy with prodigious skill
 The figures of a *buttery-bill*,
 Which with great folks of erudition
 Shall pass for *Coptic* or *Phœnician*.
 While some, as *patriot* love prevails,
 To compliment a Prince of *Wales*,
 Salute the royal babe in Welsh,
 And send forth *gutturals* like a belch.

What pretty things imagination
 Will fritter out in adulation!
 The *Pagan* gods shall visit earth
 To triumph in a *Christian's* birth.
 While *classic* poets, pure and chaste,
 Of *trim* and *academic* TASTE,
 Shall lug them in by head and shoulders,
 To be or *speakers*, or *beholders*.
 MARS shall present him with a lance,
 To humble *Spain* and conquer *France*;
 The GRACES, buxom, blithe, and gay,
 Shall at his cradle *dance the Hay*,
 And VENUS, with her train of LOVES,
 Shall bring a thousand pair of *doves*,
 To bill, to coo, to whine, to squeak,
 Through all the *dialects* of *Greek*.
 How many swains of classic breed,
 Shall *deftly* tune their *oaten* reed,
 And bring their *Doric* nymph to town,
 To sing their measures *up* and *down*;

In notes *alternate*, clear and sweet,
 Like ballad-fingers in a street !
 While those who grasp at reputation,
 From *imitating imitation*,
 Shall hunt each cranny, nook, and creek,
 For *precious* fragments in the *Greek*,
 And *rob the spital*, and the *waste*
 For sense, and sentiment, and taste.
 What Latin *hodge-podge*, Grecian *hash*,
 With Hebrew *roots*, and English *trash*,
 Shall academic cooks produce
 For present show, and future use !
 FELLOWS ! who've soak'd away their knowledge,
 In *sleepy* residence at college,
 Whose lives are like a stagnate pool,
 Muddy and placid, dull and cool ;
 Mere drinking, eating ; eating, drinking ;
 With no impertinence of thinking ;
 Who lack no farther erudition,
 Than just to *set* an imposition,
 To *cramp*, *demolish*, and *dispirit*,
 Each true begotten child of merit ;
 Censors who in the day's broad light
 Punish the vice they act at night ;
 Whose charity with self begins,
 Nor covers others *venial* sins ;
 But that their feet may safely tread,
 Take up hypocrisy instead,

As knowing that must always hide
 A multitude of sins beside,
 Whose rusty wit is at a stand,
 Without a *freshman* at their hand;
 (Whose service must of course create
 The just return of sev'n-fold hate)
 Lord! that such *good* and *useful* men
 Should ever turn to books agen!

Yet matters must be gravely plann'd
 And syllables on fingers scann'd,
 And racking pangs rend lab'ring head,
 'Till Lady Muse is gone to bed:
 What hunting, changing, toiling, sweating,
 To bring the useful epithet in!

See No. XXVI.

Numb. XXIII. Saturday, Nov. 6, 1762.

Now call we our high court of Parliament,
And let us chuse such limbs of noble counsel,
That the great body of our state may go
In equal rank with the best govern'd nation ;
That war, or peace, or both, at once may be
As things acquainted or familiar to us.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE name of *Parliaments* is deservedly dear, and the meeting of them matter of reasonable joy to every true Englishman. The very mention of them recalls to our thoughts the noble ends for which they were established, and the various means by which, at different times and under different circumstances, our ancestors have happily obtained them. What glorious stands have they often made for liberty ! How resolutely have they resisted, how successfully baffled, the daring attempts of arbitrary monsters ! How often, and with what perseverance, have they pursued and brought to justice corrupt ministers, endeavouring in vain to screen themselves behind the throne ! How ready, on the other hand, have we found them to support the dignity and

prerogative of the crown in its due extent! How zealous to forward every good and national design! How unanimous in strengthening the hands of an upright administration! In the last point of view only we have had the happiness to consider them for some years. Blest with a king, who, born an Englishman, glories in the name, who considers the interests of his people as his own, who, possessed of their love, esteems it the brightest jewel in his crown, who approves himself the guardian and not the invader of their liberties, the rage of party hath been happily extinguished, and the names by which factions were known are almost forgotten. Never did monarch express greater satisfaction and confidence in his parliaments, and never had any monarch greater reason for it. Notwithstanding the insinuations thrown out by some pestilent movers of sedition, I trust that in the ensuing, as in preceding parliaments, we shall find the same good understanding and harmony, which alone has been the cause of our present happiness and which alone can render it lasting. The very calling of a parliament is in itself a symptom of sanity in our state. It implies either that there are no just grounds of complaint or that, if there are, the prince is ready to hear and to redress them, when that respect

ble body is assembled, who have an immediate right of laying their grievances before the throne.

As our affairs are now situated, when not only our present welfare, but our future prosperity, seems to turn upon a moment, when matters of the most interesting nature call for consideration, when business of the last consequence is to be done, and there is so little time to do it in, I will not, I cannot believe, that even that little shall be made less by the *prorogation** of parliament. Let the enemies of the administration pretend what they will, I must here be an infidel, I must consider it as one of those many lying reports which the sons of sedition industriously propagate, and with which they endeavour to embroil public affairs, merely to serve their private interests. What! on the eve of a peace, and of such a peace as must either establish or ruin us forever, (for in our present situation, loaded as we are with an enormous debt, there appears no alternative) shall the great council of the nation be postponed? True it is, that although they supply the sinews of the war, they have no right to make peace; but they have an undoubted right of examining into the peace.

* The parliament was prorogued to the 25th of November.

when made, and if it shall be found dishonourable and disadvantageous, a circumstance well deserving serious consideration at this time, they have an undoubted right also of calling the advisers of it to a severe account. If the peace be such as redounds to the advantage of this nation, no matter by whom it is made. Scot and Englishman in that respect are the same, and matters of less consequence may remain to be debated afterwards at leisure; but if it shall be inadequate to our great successes, unequal to those hopes which we have justly formed of securing and enlarging our commerce, of straitening the enemy in their marine, and depriving them of those nurseries of seamen, which alone have enabled them to carry on the war, then let the advisers of it turn back to past ages, and, from the examples of others, learn to tremble for themselves.

If we enquire into the cause of that dissatisfaction which at present prevails, and examine the grounds on which the opinion of our having a bad peace is founded, at a time when we have all the right in the world to expect the peace to be good, we shall find a distrust of the present ministry either as to abilities or integrity, or both, to be the real source of this discontent. The word *favourite* hath been artfully buzzed about to inflame our minds, which

witho

without any comments on it, are apt enough to take fire even at the name. The ideas which an Englishman forms on the very mention of that word are such as inspire him with suspicion: he looks back to past times, he there sees the fatal consequences which have arisen, when private affection hath taken the lead of public considerations, and he immediately applies it to his own time. However clearly he may see the right of the sovereign to appoint his own servants, yet when they are appointed to such offices as are of a public nature, he cannot, nor indeed ought he to be easy, if he thinks they are unequal to the places which they fill, and that the nation may be injured by them. As no people ever suffered more by favourites, we are the more excusable if we carry this point to excess, if our fears are sometimes quicker than reason warrants, and the event justifies: knowing how severely we have smarted from their lash formerly, we figure to our minds the same effects now. We are convinced of the truth of Shakespeare's observation,

That man that sits within a monarch's heart,
And ripens in the sunshine of his favour,
Would he abuse the count'nance of the king,
Alack, what mischiefs might he set abroad
In shadow of such greatness!

Our

Our apprehensions immediately take the alarm, we fancy ourselves ready to become woeful instances of the influence of a *favourite*; we see his power, and we infer his inclination to do evil. Nor are these fears lessened when we consider the object of them as of a different nation; for, notwithstanding the Union, the rigid friends of Old England have not yet taught themselves to consider the Scots as the same people, and to compliment them with their places and preferments with a good grace.

Another cause of distrust at this juncture is the influence of Tories turned courtiers. Whilst we could perceive the Whigs, those old and firm friends of the constitution and of the present family on the throne, standing in some degree of credit, and holding a share in the administration, we were tolerably easy in this respect; but now that the face of affairs is changed, and they seem to be in disgrace, on whom shall we rely? The *duke of Devonshire* descended from a family, whose actions have done honour to their rank, well known for constitutional principles, untainted with base considerations of interest, a stranger to faction, zeal, of acknowledged understanding, integrity and moderation, was to every true lover of his country a rock on which he might with confidence repose his trust, and justice might de-

cla

clare that he never would take a part in any
 action which was contrary to the interest of his
 country, or give the sanction of his name to
 countenance a corrupt administration. The
 security we are now deprived of, and him,
 whom we could with joy and confidence be-
 hold at the head of affairs, we see divested of all
 authority, but that which his own virtues will
 always give him. On whom then are we to
 depend? On those old enemies of liberty, those
 abettors of arbitrary power, those sworn foes of
 our constitution, the Tories? Forbid it,
 heaven! Consider them as bred up in the ru-
 diments of treason, as continuing fast to the
 same tenets, even after they came to maturity,
 and were capable of judging for themselves, as
 holding their midnight assemblies, and secretly
 sacrificing at the altars of rebellion, as openly
 ridiculing the family on the throne, thwarting
 every measure taken for its establishment, and
 in the most perilous times sitting down inactive,
 and with their wishes assisting those who aimed
 at the ruin of the state, and whom they would
 no doubt have assisted in a more effectual man-
 ner, had not fear prevented. Are these men to
 be depended on? Shall we believe that they
 have changed their way of thinking? We
 may, when they can shew us any good and
 sufficient cause for such change, and point
 out

out the reasons by which they were convinced. Men of understanding quit not rooted opinions, which they have maturely weighed, examined and approved, in which they have persisted and justified themselves many years, without some strong and very convincing reason, which brings truth home then in a manner not to be resisted. But what reason can they produce, which they had not before tried and rejected? Suspicion therefore, whether well or ill founded is not the question, will suggest to us either that they have not changed their opinion, and only pretend it, more easily to accomplish the worst of purposes, or that interest alone hath worked the change in them. If the first of these is the case, it is obvious how much they are to be feared; if the last, it is plain how little they are to be trusted.

Another, and indeed the strongest reason for distrust, is a rumour lately spread by the emissaries of the disaffected, and too readily received by the multitude, that the chief direction of affairs is to be given into the hands of that person whom every man of honour despises, and every lover of his country is bound to curse: a rumour, which, if considered properly, carries its own refutation along with it. Is it possible that we should forget the means by which we were brought to the brink of ruin entire.

entirely owing to him? Is it possible that we should be ignorant how universally he is hated, distrusted, and despised? Can we forget his breaches of private faith, and his abuses of public trust? His very enemies allow him great abilities, but will his warmest friends say that he ever employed them to any good purpose? The greatness of his understanding serves only to make the badness of his heart more formidable, and to render our apprehensions of him more terrible. Can we then think so meanly of the present administration, as to imagine they will ever join with such a man, much less that they will act under his direction? Prejudice itself can never believe it of them; and I with much greater pleasure, and a fuller faith, receive the report, that the administration of affairs is to be lodged, where every true Briton would wish it, in the hands of Mr. FOX.

Numb. XXIV. Saturday, Nov. 13, 1762.

Et cantare pares, et respondere parati.

VIRG.

Equal in song, and ready to reply.

DIALOGUE OF THE LIVING.

Between Earl *Buchanan* and Duke *D'Offuna*.

E of B.

NOW, my Lord, the matter is thus—Your apprehension is very lively, and you will immediately conceive the force of my sentiments—The nation is in want of a peace and a peace it shall have, if I have any influence; and your grace, as I mentioned to you within, is the person appointed for this glorious work—Your grace's parts, erudition, and extensive knowledge of the true constitution and interests of your country, clearly prove you the only person fit for so great a design—and for France, my Lord, more particularly, your elegant address, the politeness of your manners, and your skill in—

D. of O. I did indeed once learn to dance my lord; but politics, gravity, state affairs

the government of kingdoms, and many other mighty matters, have, I am much afraid, destroyed that ease and sprightly facetiousness for which I once was—

E. of B. Still, my lord, still publicly confessed the politest man in the kingdom: but let that pass—I detest flattery, and still will adhere to the honest sincerity of my country—Now to the point, my lord—Your grace is sensible that peace is absolutely necessary—that it must be had—had on any terms—that the land-tax in particular is abominably heavy, though, thank heaven, your *rebellious, whiggish* counties pay by far the greatest, and most burdensome part—the nation ruined—beggared—undone by her successes—France flourishing—very flourishing---quite inexhaustible---the king of Prussia no soldier---a Cossack---a marauder---poor---very poor---PITT no orator---no statesman---a fellow that presumes to be a patriot and—

D. of O. All these points are very clear, my lord—I say it---You say it---*Dick* bullies here, and swears to it---What need of farther proof---But this PITT and his damn'd faction raise such disturbances about the terms of peace, and use so many far-fetched arguments against giving up this, and giving up that ---though we do not, yet those fellows in the city require reasons and proofs---But, my lord, with your instructions I will undertake to---

E. of B.

E. of B. You shall have them, my lord; and with them, what may you not undertake? You shall have them at full: I have committed them to paper for the instruction of future ages---If lord Clarendon had not written, in what darkness had we now been! Posterity shall write our panegyric, though faction and mechanics, and low-lived wretches who live by trade decry us---You have heard of the sugar islands, my lord---Martinico, Guadeloupe---

D. of O. I was once a great master of geography, my lord; but state affairs and politics, and the government of---The instructions at large, my lord---

E. of B. We have, my lord, in our quixotism, conquered six or seven little islands, where they make sugar and rum and such stuff---One was conquered in my time---I am not to be blamed for it---I am not in fault---the turbulent pensioner concerted it, and I could not prevent it---He sign'd every single order about it---These islands are not worth one farthing if we consider the real value of things---they increase our sugar-trade; that is granted but sugar is a promoter of diseases and luxury---it makes many of these citizens rich and assume airs of consequence; the greatest of evils---The great Dr. *Farquharson* is now writing

folio to prove it the source of all disorders; gout, stone, phthific, sciatica, cholera, hot, cold, wet, and dry disorders—it is the strangest, the vilest of all compositions, filled with all the noxious particles of all the elements, and only capable of giving inspiration to a *Cree-lian Lord Mayor*—The sugar-cane is a paltry plant—*Dr. Hill* only recommends the great virtues of the sugar-stick itself, to be drawn out by inward suction, and, I own, so far nothing in this island can equal that plant, but the *Carduus Augustæ Benedictus*. Let us therefore give up all the sugar islands to the French; they will grow enervated, and full of all those contradictory, hard-named disorders, so that our posterity will be able to kick them through the world, if they should ever wink at us.

D. of O. Time flies very fast, and the mighty French peer, my lord—

E. of B. I understand you, my lord—the rest of the instructions—Now for Canada, a miserable, wretched country; we must keep it; we must sometimes gratify the mobile: they get furs there, my lord—to use furs for warmth is surely a scandalous invention! In Scotland, my lord! we have hardly such a thing: if any lady there be so nice as to require artificial warmth, we have cats and dogs for the purpose. Thus we encourage our native manufactures; and the

delicious roughness of those animals skins promotes that friction which---But such delicacy is rarely found in our hardy, naked-thighed country---Let us avert this plague---They shall have Louisiana, a noble country! they shall cheat Canada of its fur trade; and thus, without drawing on ourselves the least odium, we shall defeat the malice of our enemies, banish this unnatural effeminacy from our nation, and throw it with double weight, in conjunction with pernicious sugar, on the constitutions of our enemies.

D. of O. But surely, my lord, humanity should prevent---

E. of B. They shall have them, and they shall be crippled with the gout and a legion of other disorders.---We have some provinces in North America inhabited by merchants, planters, and a thousand various species of mushroom-rooms---they are rich---too rich---very rich---their trade promotes ours---they ruin their mother-country---we abound in trade, we must clip it, my lord: we must act like skilful gardeners, and prune the luxuriances---We shall cure this evil also; we shall leave the French at their back; they will leave them no time to plod on in the inglorious road of riches. Besides, between you and me, the seat of empire may be transferred, if they grow too powerful

powerful and America give laws to the universe---That shall not happen while I am at the helm, if the French incendiaries in their rear are of any effect. It is a great rule in politics, that colonies and dependent countries should be kept poor; not to raise their heads or wag their tongues, lest they should spit at their mother country.

D. of O. I am convinced of the justness of such politics: your lordship well knows that was the foundation of my conduct in Ireland, by which I acquired so much glory.

E. of B. As the first of viceroys, my dear lord---Chesterfield was beloved; that is nothing;---you were revered and dreaded. Awe and fear are the real marks of esteem.---Our conquests in the East-Indies signify not a bawbee; spice, china, arrack, and all their other commodities are worse than nothing; pimps to luxury and nourishers of wickedness. The East India company indeed may cry out: let them cry out; they are haughty merchants, and too rich already---We will give them all up---Saltpetre is the chief ingredient in gunpowder, gunpowder is used in war, we hate war, therefore we must hate the trade that furnishes us with it; and that trade is the East-India trade, and therefore we must---

D. of O. My Lord, the time---

E. of B. As I was saying---indeed, my lord, you have spoiled my argument: quite spoiled the connexion---I have been at it all this morning---It is called a Sorites, my lord, and requires infinite clearness to deduce such a long chain of---

D. of O. The instructions, as you say, my lord, are pretty long; but I shall remember them---We are poor---ruined---beggared---sugar is---

E. of B. I have not been deceived in my choice. Your grace is endued with great quickness of penetration---But to recapitulate all---We are ruined and undone; our trade is too great, and our merchants too rich: these may seem contradictory to the vulgar, my lord, but you see clearly the logical distinction. We want peace---we must have it---The French are inexhaustible---they will destroy us entirely---we shall perish like Pyrrhus or Gaston de Foix---We are tormented by factions---half the subjects of this part of the kingdom are traitors---we nourish a brood of vipers in our own bosom---our colonies are too flourishing---trade in too great an extent has been our ruin---the Benedictines must have their fish; aye, and so must the Bernardines---the French must prick the quakers of Pennsylvania in the backside; they must, and other

too, to banish riches and indolence---sugar, furs, china, arrack, saltpetre, shall be banished from my commonwealth: I will imitate Plato in this as in other things---these are the arguments for our peace, and yet, clear as they are, these cockneys will presume to controvert and examine them---O! that I must be doomed to watch over the caprices of furriers, sugar-boilers, cod-merchants, planters, rum-distillers, freighters, importers, and haughty *East India* directors!

D. of O. I am persuaded, my lord, when they hear these arguments so clearly stated, not one of them will murmur---they know their own interests, and must be convinced how safe they will be in your hands---

E. of B. My lord, you revive me---I began to have a little fit of the spleen, and to think of some unlucky consequences which may attend---but, my lord duke, they are not blind---they must, as you say, see their own interests---when this hurry is over, how happy shall we be in recapitulating these matters---once had a design---and still will pursue---*Scotius* was a foreign fellow, who wrote about war and peace-- shall we not join, my lord, after your return, when this negotiation shall move to the world our political talents, shall we not sit down and confute the blockhead?

---Our

---Our *De Jure belli & pacis* shall live for ages, and be the test of true policy for our posterity.

D. of O. Your lordship may expect my assistance in every thing---Grotius is an ignorant puppy---one of the king of Prussia's privy counsellors, or some of his dirty hackney-writers, I presume---it is a nation of ignorance!

E. of B. My lord, it is time to depart---The *family compact* is nothing to us ---three or four gentlemen of the first quality in Europe, and near relations, take it into their heads to be also very strict friends---nothing to us---as to the little trifling spots of the globe, Senegal, Minorca, Gorce, Belleisle, &c. we may keep some of them, it signifies not which---the rest are intirely at your service to dispose of---remember, my lord,---trade the bane of our nation!

D. of O. I shall remember, my lord---I shall not be overburdened---your lordship's most humble servant.

END OF VOL. I.



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